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TALES

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

THE FIVE SENSES:

THEIR MECHANISM, USES, AND GOVERNMENT;

WITH MORAL AND EXPLANATORY

INTRODUCTIONS.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

EDITED

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE COLLEGIANS," &c.

LONDON

EDWARD BULL, HOLLES STREET.

1830.

Gunnell and Shearman, Salisbury Square.

PREFACE.

THERE are some quotations so thoroughly hacknied, that they have almost an air of recovered novelty, and this may be said of Mr. Pope's line :—

"The proper study of mankind is man."

And perhaps we do not err in saying that this is true of his physical as well as moral nature, though the latter is more directly indicated by the poet.

Religion, in Christian countries, has already made the mass of mankind familiar with all that it is necessary or perhaps possible for them certainly to know of their moral nature. Her instructions may have been neglected, but they are within the

reach of almost all men, and form a fundamental portion of the education of the poorest.

Nevertheless, it is absolutely certain that there is little even of the true understanding of their eternal destinies among men, and that few practise, or even remember in age, the principles and practice of their youth. The world, passion, and sensual interests draw them away, and religion is almost only cherished by childhood, yet faintly tempted, or by age, no longer susceptible of temptation.

This is a mournful picture of the world, and the question arises, what shall be done to alter it?—to substitute pure lights for its troubled shadows, and the lineaments of beauty, and of virtue, for the features of deformity and vice? The change cannot be made by the discovery of new truths, for the world has long been in possession of the whole truth that is necessary to accomplish the eternal ends of man's creation, and yet its practice is nothing equal to its knowledge. Discontented with himself, and seeking relief from the stings of conscience, in the plea of ignorance,

man wanders in pursuit of new facts and systems, and calls in a corrupted and fallible reason to quiet his mind, by falsifying the rule which passion and self-interest will not suffer him to practise. He forgets that in the concerns of eternity, his first earthly witness must be the experience of his own heart and soul, and he builds up false theories upon the conjectured feelings of others, instead of being guided by the secret history of his own mind. He forgets that faith, true faith, is first lost by indolence and vice, and never receives its first blow from reason—that doubt is a feeling—a passion—a temptation—and not an induction of judgment, or pure act of the intellect; —that virtue, Christian virtue alone, is the object of man's abode on earth, and that the span of knowledge which he can here acquire, is only useful when employed in simple-hearted subservience to goodness—that virtue should be the queen of mortal desires, and that knowledge only looks beautiful, as a handmaiden, standing by her throne.

These are old truths, but the times make them look new ones. The handmaiden has become the queen, by the consent even of the highly informed and the influential; and virtue, pure, religious, Christian virtue, dethroned in the hearts of the sanguine and the ambitious, is left to wander neglected through the world, and take refuge in the homes of the lowly and the worldly ignorant. Men seem to have forgotten the experience of all ages, which leaves the world still in the same position with respect to the science of psychology (as it is called); that it presents a set of schools in our own days, no less worthy of the derision of the satirist, than those which have almost only descended to us in the ridicule of Lucian; while our religion (for even ridicule is not a match for truth) has alone survived and baffled the piercing keenness of that satirist, as well as others. They overlook the broad and staring fact, that the lives of the most religious Christians have been, and are, the most virtuous of all lives; and that the lives of infidels present no instances of virtue or bene-

volence which can at all be compared with even an inferior practice of Christianity. The great error is, that care is not taken in education to make the learner acquainted with the real object and use of any branch of information which he is about to acquire—and made to see, not merely in what manner it can advance his progress in life, but what relation it has to Christianity, and how it may enable him to promote the interests of heaven, and to accomplish the eternal end of his own creation.

It would be sanguine, perhaps, to hope, that the kingdom of passion and of the world can ever wholly be subdued, while the will of man continues free. It would, nevertheless, be criminal to despair of our race, and indolently to persuade ourselves that it may not be considerably diminished. However, this great work must be accomplished by minds more gifted, and purer hearts than fall to the generality even of those who are anxious for the good of their fellow creatures. All that these last can hope to do, must be to assist, as far as their humble capacity enables

them, the struggle of virtue against passion—of the wisdom of feeling against the wisdom of mere, cold, objectless, worldly knowledge. This must be done by them, not by the vain, exciting, and worse than useless stimulus of new psychological, or moral speculations, but by diffusing more widely, and reviving in the minds of men, in novel and attractive forms, the old and immutable Christian truths, and thus winning back the heart to love what the head has taught it to regard with coldness.

We have endeavoured, in the following work, to make a slight effort of the kind above alluded to. We have sought, by adding to that knowledge of his moral nature which his religious education supplies to the young Christian, such a knowledge of his physiological existence, of the wonders of his own frame, as might assist him in the observance of his heavenly duties. For man owes a duty to his frame, as well as to his spirit; and the developement and right use of the former is essential to the perfection of the latter. The neglect of necessary exercise, of that regularity of living

which is indispensable to bodily health, the excessive and enervating use of sensual enjoyments, even of what appear to be harmless in themselves, the loss of time, and of all vigorous resolution in using needless pleasure merely for pleasure's sake; all these are sins against a man's own physical nature, which weigh down the efforts of the spiritual, and load it with a deep responsibility. In order to excite in young persons a right feeling of the value of that frame—that strange mixture of beauty and imperfection—with which the Author of nature has gifted him on earth, and which is destined to partake his immortality, we have finished this volume illustrative of External Sensation. It was intended at first to arrange in a popular form, and illustrate by amusing fables, the whole science of physiology; but it soon appeared that such a design must necessarily extend to a greater length, and demand a greater sacrifice of time, than would be warranted by the uncertainty of its reception with the public. We have therefore confined the undertaking at present, to the five external Senses; which, if the public

approbation should not warrant the completion of our design, will form a little work, complete in itself. If on the contrary, the book should be thought commendable, it will be followed up by a second volume, necessarily more interesting than the present, on Internal Sensation; and by perhaps one more intended to illustrate Motion.

In Chapter XIV. we have endeavoured to present a brief summary of the faculties of the mind and their offices. We have also endeavoured, under the form of a portrait carefully sketched, and compared with the great Christian rule (yet without presuming to touch on its most sacred mysteries), to complete the work, by making the young reader fully acquainted with the ultimate object of its contents, with a compendium of all his duties, and all his powers.*

* In doing this, the writer has had another duty to perform, in addition to that of endeavouring to promote the advantage of virtue and of his fellow-creatures. We shall here plainly explain what that duty is, and we would pray the reader not to consider these few lines as an intrusion on his time, but to pardon them, as originating in a sense of duty, which the writer owes to his Creator,

The table of contents will furnish an idea of the plan of the work. Each tale is preceded by brief introductions, explanatory of the mecha-

to some dear friends, and to himself. It has happened that in younger days, when his character was yet unformed—unsettled—his mind but indifferently developed—his heart filled with ambitious and distracting passions, which rendered self-knowledge and clearness of judgment not merely difficult, but impossible, the opinions (if they then deserved the name) of the writer of this book, were different from those which may, in a slight degree, be found scattered over its pages, and more particularly in the portrait above alluded to. It is a satisfaction to him, therefore, to leave a record of the real, solid, and deeply-pondered opinions of his manhood, in the hands of those, whom the example or conversation of his youth (for a certain period) might have had the slightest influence in misleading. He does not deem it incumbent on him here to furnish, even to those persons, the foundations and support of his present opinions; for the same arguments, and still more sacred modes of conviction which were successful with him are open to all. He only wishes that all those in whose presence his lips may have ever rashly dropped a sentiment of error, may now clearly understand that the opinions here put forward, as they were those which education instilled into his mind, are also those in which it is his fondest hope to die. The conviction of their truth, as it is by far the most intimate impression which has been ever made upon his soul, is also doubly,

nism and uses of the sense which it illustrates. They are followed by one chapter on the Intellect, intended chiefly to point out to the young reader his duties with respect to sensation in general, and the whole is concluded by the allegorical story of Psyche, intended to represent the human Soul, or Will; pointing out some of the tempta-

doubly dear to his heart, from his slight and brief experience of the hollowness and insufficiency of others. But this is not the place for him to say all he feels upon this subject, all his sorrow for the wanderings of his own mind, and all his anxiety for the safe conduct of those who have the same inexperience and all the same dangers to contend with. Some future work, perhaps, may afford him an opportunity of speaking more fully upon it, than it would be proper to do even in a note to a book intended, in a great measure, for amusing purposes. For what has here been said, he entreats the reader's indulgence, for he is sensible that there is often an obtrusion in self-blame, as well as in self-praise, between which it is difficult to follow the path of discretion and simple duty. Nothing indeed, but duty, can render entirely blameless the obtrusion of feelings so sacred and intimate upon the attention of others; but he calculates with confidence on the reader's just construction of his words, which leave him at liberty to return with a lighter heart and soul to the vigorous employment of time.

tions to which Sense exposes it, and some of the safeguards which Providence has placed within its reach. The judgment of the grown up reader on the book must be severe indeed if he takes it up with the expectation of finding in it any thing very new in the science, or even very elaborate; for it excludes, as far as possible, all merely theoretical information, and brevity has been much consulted. Should the work, however, be found to answer its purpose, we may securely promise a great improvement in the second volume; for internal sensation is a subject more susceptible of fabulary and imaginative illustration, than external; and more interesting, in consequence of its being more intimately connected with, and a more powerful mover of the passions of the mind.

It is only further necessary that the purchaser of the book should be made aware, that one of the tales, The Day of Trial, has appeared already, under the title of The Deaf Filea, in Mr. Roscoe's Juvenile Keepsake, and this is the only chapter in the book which has ever before been printed. One of the senses (Smell) appeared to us peculiarly

difficult of illustration in the form of a Tale, unless we chose to carry the narrative out of real life, and indulge in a species of invention entirely allegorical, or fabulous. This, for the sake of consistency, we resolved only to use in the concluding Tale, and in those which are to illustrate internal sensation in the second volume. The story of The Self-consumed, therefore, is directed, rather, against sensuality in general. This is a difficulty from which our intention of calling in the magic of alluring fable to our aid in the remaining volumes, will entirely relieve us.

LINES

TO A DEPARTED FRIEND.

"My heart is troubled—my strength hath forsaken me." PSALMS.

When May, with all her blooming train,
Came o'er the woodland and the plain;
When mingling winds and waters made
A murmuring music in the shade—
I loved to hear that artless song,
I loved to stray those groves among;
And every sound of rustic pleasure
Waked in my heart an answering measure.

But now no more that gentle scene
Of mellow light and freshening green
Seems lovely to mine altered eye;
And that soft west wind, hastening by,
Seems breathing near me, faint and low,
Some warning dirge, some song of woe.

How have I loved at early morn
When the dew topp'd the glistening thorn ;
When o'er the hill the day-beam broke,
And nature's plumed minstrels woke,
To praise with them the will divine
That bade that glorious sun to shine !

That day-beam burns as brightly still,
The wild birds charm the echoing hill ;
But light and song alike are vain
To soothe a heart that throbs in pain ;
And pale disease that scene surveys
Without one languid smile of praise.

Thine was the gift, Almighty power !
That brighten'd many a youthful hour,
Found joys in winter's havoc drear,
When heaven was dark and earth was bare,
And raised the heart on secret wing
To rapture in the bloom of spring.
That blessing thou hast claim'd again,
And left me wrapt in lingering pain :
Almighty power ! the will was thine,
And this weak heart shall ne'er repine.
In joy or grief, in good or ill,
This tongue shall praise thy mercies still !

But may that feeble praise be blest,
And deeply felt, though ill confessed—
Blest, in my own awakened heed,
Felt, in the hearts of those who read.

Lost days of youth! Oh, holy days,
When joy was blent with prayer and praise!
When this sad heart, now deeply dyed
With many a thought unsanctified,
Trembled at every venial stain,
And shrank from sin, as now from pain!
Oh! not that even in that hour
Of early reason's dawning power,
My soul was pure from thoughts of sin,
But now so dark the past hath been,
That those first stains of young offence
Wear the light hue of innocence!

Departed Spirit! Often then,
By peaceful fire, in lonely glen,
Did thy maturer reason shine,
A guidance and a light to mine;
Did thy maturer piety
Awake some holy thoughts in me.
Late, wandering in those silent ways,
I thought upon our early days;

Oh! may I never feel again,
The pain that touched my spirit then!
For every shrub, and every tree,
Spoke with a still reproach to me,
And even the scene of boyish crime,
Seem'd hallow'd by the flight of time!

What could my heart, in passion tried,
If it could err when by thy side?
Ambitious, there it would not dwell,
We parted—and the faithless fell!
We parted—and the world since then
Has learn'd the lesson o'er again,
That Virtue, humble, simple, fair,
Is all the knowledge worth our care;
That heavenly wisdom is a thing
Above the flight of reason's wing;
That human genius cannot sound
The depths in which her truth is found;
While a poor peasant's simple prayer,
Will find her always watching there;
That hearts untaught can learn her rules
While far she flies from human schools;
That learning oft is but a rod—
That he knows all who loves his God,
And every other eye is dim
Save theirs, who hope and trust in Him.

Willing to serve is truly free;
Obedience is best liberty;
And man's first power—a bended knee.

'Twere vain to hope, if I could part
Upon this page my bleeding heart,
And to the young inquirer show
How often knowledge ends in woe,
Hearts would no more by earth be riven,
And souls no longer lost to heaven.
No!—human pride and passion still,
Will hold the reins of human will;
And even in passion's fierce excess
Find argument of haughtiness!
Youth's budding virtues will be blighted,
The law of heaven forgot and slighted,
Age follow age, yet, hurrying on,
Trust no experience but its own.—
Yet is it something if we steal
One spirit from the dizzy reel;
A few may wake where thousands sleep,
Millions may scoff, but one may weep!

'Tis something, too, to think that, now,
While I renew mine infant vow,
Thy gentle shade may wander near,
And smile on each repentant tear;

To find, as thus I glance mine eye
Over those pages mournfully,
Something that might, in former days,
Have won that blameless spirit's praise.
Oh! it were all, if now at last
This offering for evil past,
Might pierce the ear of heaven and win
Oblivion for that faithless sin;
If thy pure, saintly, fervent prayer
Might find a sweet acceptance there;
And from that sacred home, on me
Draw down the fire of charity!
That I might scatter, wide and far,
My Maker's praise, from star to star;
And joyous sing how he had smiled
Forgiveness on his erring child!
That all who heard that grateful song
Might learn to grieve for secret wrong;
And turn their hearts from joys of sense
To holy praise and penitence!

Ah, sanguine hope! not in an hour,
Can zeal from passion wrest his power!
Nor former scandals be removed
Though those we teach be dearly loved.

All the repentant soul can do
Is still to toil and labour through
The remnant of life's shortening day,
And for the rest, to hope and pray.

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CHAPTER I.

Introductory.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory.

For blindness is the first-born of excess.

LORD BYRON.

I WISH, my dear Cyriac, that I could comply with your request. I wish that I could inform you where you might find a work such as you describe. A small volume comprising, in clear, concise, and forcible language, all the strongest reasons for adhering to the duties of religion, and all the best refutations of those hacknied sceptical cavils which are continually forced into the ear of the young Christian, by half-informed and licentious men—such a book would be of incalculable advantage to persons placed, like you, at a distance from their early friends and instructors;

and compelled to beat out their way to independence, amid all the dangers of a metropolis. I should wish, with Dr. Johnson, that some of those great men, whose writings "carry light and heat through the regions of science," and whose profound erudition has enabled them to convince even the learned and the philosophical, would stoop for an hour from their lofty sphere, and content themselves with the praise of being useful, by clothing their discoveries in an humbler and simpler dress, for the advantage of humbler and simpler understandings. Three or four plain facts, however, there are, which contain a great deal of force, and which I would have you treasure like gold within your recollection. There never was a man who abandoned the true religion until he first began to neglect it. No man ever passed with a step from devotion to infidelity. On the contrary, there never was a man who returned to his abandoned faith without beginning by relinquishing the habits of vice. Weigh well within your mind the comparative truth of those two states of opinion, one of which is acquired by ini-

tiation into vice, the other by the practice of virtue. The strongest refutation of infidelity may be found in its origin.

A volume might be easily written on this subject, but that is not the design of the pages which I propose addressing to you during the next month. It is, nevertheless, a subject so nearly allied to it, that I am tempted to insist upon it at a little greater length.

Had man continued in that happy state in which he was first created by the Almighty, it is probable that there would have been few instances of corporeal deformity among the children of Adam. Eden would then have presented in all the multitude of its blest inhabitants, an infinite variety of beautiful shapes and hues, differing from each other only in the class and character of their loveliness; and presenting a visible emblem of the virtues which should adorn a Christian soul; and which, though all varying in their nature and offices, are yet all excellent and amiable in themselves. The soul of man, pure and sinless as it was, would then have found a reflection of itself in

its own frame, and the reflection would have shared the loveliness of the object which it represented.

But with the fall of man, passion came into the world, and on the heels of passion trod disease. The beauty of the soul being in too many instances destroyed or deteriorated, that of the body became likewise changed and sullied, and the benevolent views of the heavenly Father in placing man upon the earth, were wantonly contravened by the abuse of his own free will. The passions, no longer regulated by divine love, corrupted the heart, and distorted from their fair proportion those features on which the Lord had set the seal of beauty; while disease, the inevitable consequence of passions indulged to excess, poured its poison through the channels of the frame, and destroyed that exquisite adaptation of form and lineament on which the eye delights to dwell in contemplating the human body in its perfection. The law of Nature, which ordained that the natural gifts of the parent should be transmitted to the offspring, was turned by the wantonness of men from a blessing to a curse; parents, instead of bequeathing to their children

that legacy of health and beauty with which the Lord had endowed them at their birth, handed down to their poor descendants that load of deformity and disease which they had brought upon themselves by their criminal excesses. Such is the world in which we live at present; the human body still preserves its resemblance to the human soul—still presents a general reflection of it—but how changed!—how hideous in the comparison with that body that formed the chief wonder and the chief beauty of the gardens of Eden!—with that soul which conversed with angels, and which the Father loved to visit in the solitude of its earthly exile.

But is there not yet a consolation in the eternal promise, that those bodies which we possess, provided we increase not their deformity or their weakness, by adding to the sins of our fathers, shall one day recover again the original beauty and excellence of their formation? That, gifted with new and immortal powers, such as even the father of the human race possessed not, and purified from those defects, which, for the correction

of our pride, are annexed to it in this world, the frame of man shall one day appear again, in a happy re-union with the spirit that now informs it; the only object on this globe of matter, which is not destined to pass away and be no more. Suns rise and set—days roll away and are forgotten—dear friends are parted—those who have lived together in childhood, fly far as the poles asunder, as youth advances, and the thirst for independence or for knowledge stimulates them to wander over other climes. Death separates those whom the world and the love of the world could not sunder; and all that remains to the survivor of the affection in which his youth delighted, is a sorrow and a mournful recollection, which wastes his heart with heaviness, and taints with bitterness the very bread he eats. Imagine a man wholly ignorant of the promises of faith, and possessing an enlarged and enquiring mind, in this desolate condition; his early friends departed—his heart sick of disappointed hopes—all the enjoyments of his youth for ever lost—his health wasted by disease, which he inherited from his

guilty fathers—and the world no longer for him but a lonely wilderness in which he has no bond of social interest, and where he can only see "men as trees, walking." Where shall he look for consolation or repose? Should new attachments woo—new friendships seek for his regard—his sad experience urges him to fly from the lure with terror—"I will not again be cheated!" he exclaims; "I have proved the hollowness of pleasure, of affection, of every worldly comfort. I will not be mocked with joys that change faster than autumnal skies. I see that those are least afflicted who suffer not their affections to become entangled with the world. I will not be cheated. Why should I love a friend, to press his hand, speak with him, walk with him, bind up my own soul with his, and lose him in a few short days for ever and ever, never more to be reunited to him? Why should I let out my heart upon a world that will but tear and trample on it. My soul goes through life as a nymph walks amid briars—its affections are often caught, but it is only to be rent. I will not bear a part in such drudgery.

Yet why is it so? There must be, there is some secret in it—the enigma hath an answer, if I could but find it." Should he turn to the atheist or the unbeliever, what relief could he experience? "Fool!" the philosopher would reply, "there is no hope for you. Those affections, of which you retain so lively a remembrance, were, truly, idle cheats—illusions incidental to your nature, which never existed but in your imagination, and never shall be restored. Those friends whom you deplore were machines compounded of earth, which have been dissolved, as they were formed, by an accident, and which had only an ideal life, that has perished with them for ever. You weep for an automaton which has been worn out—a phantom which has vanished—the figure of a dream which has fled away. You are the dupe of an illusive existence, in which you have been placed either by chance or by the will of a cruel being, who makes a sport of your sufferings, and cheats you with a transient and fancied happiness only for the purpose of snatching it away for ever, and leaving you in the real misery which you now ex-

perience. Or else he is careless and indolent, and neglects his creatures—or limited in power, and unable to provide for all." In what manner would such a solution of his difficulty be received by the unhappy enquirer? Would he go away satisfied, and fortify his heart in the maxims of a motiveless philosophy? Alas! the firmest amongst us have found, by experience, that philosophy, in the hours of depression and life-weariness, is nothing more than maxim. Or would he not turn away with indignation, satisfied that such a world could not be formed without a motive, still less with one so malevolent as that above described? Would he not contemn, as the most improbable conjecture that could have been formed, the doctrine which attributed the beautiful and ingenious structures around him to the operation of chance? Would he not feel his heart swell within him at the slanderous falsehood which denied the reality of his affections—and laugh even in his grief at the absurdity of the sophism which attributed the origin of the universe to a Being of limited power and imperfect virtue?

Suppose the same individual now seeking at the feet of the Christian minister an answer more in unison with common sense and the natural feelings of his heart. "My son," exclaims the votary of the Gospel, "you are not the unhappy being you suppose. Departed joys have left you only to give place to others of an infinitely greater excellence with which the future is yet to crown your heart. Departed friends have not been lost to you by death. It has only changed their residence—they are gone before you, to be placed in possession of those joys which you shall share with them for ever and for ever. There is a world —a better world than this, where those affections which you deem for ever broken, shall be again united and eternized—a world of joy where grief shall never enter—a world of love where friends shall never more be parted—a world of light where darkness shall find no place—a world eternal; unchanging, happy, beyond all your heart can conceive of perfect happiness, and beautiful beyond any thing that your senses can paint or imagine of perfect beauty. This, my friend, is

the hope of the Christian—a hope which shall not fail nor change—the only hope of which the fruition shall excel the anticipation." What effect, do you suppose, Cyriac, this announcement would produce on the heart of the unhappy searcher after Truth? Would he treat it as he had done the suggestion of the unbeliever? Reason and feeling declare the contrary. He would spring forward to embrace it in a rapture of delight. His reason would receive it with that instant satisfaction which we feel in the solution of a perplexing problem—his heart would treasure the consoling truth within its deep and intimate retreats. Peace would return to his soul—hope would shine within his eyes—joy would warm the currents of life within him—and he would bow down before the Everlasting Author of the promises, with a breast filled with wonder, gratitude, reverence, and love.

But it is not, Cyriac, without exertion, that a degree of felicity like this can be obtained; and it is in order that you may be enabled to merit a participation in it, that those organs of which it

is my intention to treat in the following pages, have been placed at your disposal. There are few persons who do not know that the government of the senses is necessary to the pursuit of virtue, and perhaps there are fewer still who understand the full meaning of this expression so well as to apply it with a cheerful rigour to the conduct of their lives. There is ample ground both for entertainment and instruction in the study.

I remember to have seen somewhere a description of a Spanish Magistrate, whose character it was to have a sharp eye for every misdemeanour that was committed at a distance, while the grossest pieces of knavery took place in his own household and were never discovered. We all act with somewhat of the same long sighted wisdom when we waste time and pains in searching for knowledge afar off, and overlook the world of wonders that lies close within our reach. You have, I doubt not, often laughed at the story of the English gentleman, who posted from Italy to see for the first time a splendid cascade upon his own estate which he had heard some foreigner

describe with enthusiasm. And what think you of your own folly when I tell you, that you, whose education has been so general—who have gone from east to west and from north to south, in quest of information, are yet ignorant of many visible wonders—not on your estate indeed, but within the compass of your own frame? You know much of the manners and customs of other countries, but of the economy of your own nature you have learned little.—You are delighted with the paintings of a Wilkie, or the sculpture of a Flaxman, but the organ of sight, through which you become conscious of this pleasure, attracts but little of your attention. You are charmed with the productions of a Weber, or a Rossini, and are a tolerable musician yourself—you observe with a curious eye the structure of the instrument on which you play, but the organ of hearing, the receptacle of all sound, is not thought worthy of your curiosity. And yet the others are but the bungling efforts of a savage mechanist in the comparison. I shall not speak now of the interior portion of the human machinery, extra-

ordinary as it is. I speak only of its most interesting part—the five external senses—the gates by which all earthly knowledge—all good and all evil are transmitted to the mind.

It is my purpose, as I have already declared, in the course of a series of essays which you can peruse at your leisure, to explain the mechanism and uses of those essential organs, stripping the description of all that technicality of phrase, which might deter you from pursuing the study in a more elaborate physiological work. My account of each shall, as far as it lies in my power, combine conciseness with accuracy, while the importance of all shall be illustrated by a number of original tales, intended as some compensation for that didactic tone which, however unwillingly, I may sometimes be induced to assume.

As it is my wish to convey only such information as is founded on actual observation, I shall omit all mention of the numberless theories of sensation itself which have been broached at various times, and none of which have yet thrown much light upon the mystery. The mechanical

parts of the organ are those only which I shall describe, adding a few words upon their known mode of operating, and on the peculiar advantages of each.

CHAPTER II.

Sight.

CHAPTER II.

The Mechanism of Sight.

A FEW words, my dear friend, in the first place, upon the senses in general, before we proceed to a particular examination of each.

The first object which the mind of man has to accomplish on coming into the world, is the acquisition of knowledge, without which it is incapable of executing a rational action, or, as far as we know, forming a thought. For this purpose it is ordained that the organs used in obtaining it shall rapidly advance to a state of perfection, while the rest of the frame requires a much longer time to become ripe for use. A few days will render all the external senses capable of receiving impressions and conveying them to

the mind, while the latter is only developed in all its excellence by a course of many years. The wisdom of this arrangement is self-evident.

Let us now see by what means this purpose of conveying knowledge to the mind has been accomplished.

A mass of inanimate material composed of solids and fluids, constitutes that body in which your soul is imprisoned during your earthly existence, and to which it communicates the appearance of that life which is, in reality, its own exclusive possession. The mode in which it exerts this influence on the body has always been, and most probably will always continue to be a profound secret to the worldly enquirer.

Thus pent up, and closely united with a quantity of lifeless material, it became necessary, in order to prevent the soul from remaining in a state of temporary ignorance and inaction, to furnish it with certain windows in its prison, certain modes of communication with the world outside, which might enable it to know and to act. To accomplish this, the Creator has pro-

vided us with peculiar organs or adaptations of that matter which composes our frame, and which organs we have agreed to denominate the senses.

These senses, which constitute the noblest part of the frame, are five in number, and consist of sight, hearing, feeling, smell, and taste. These are the only external channels of information allotted to the mind of man during its time of probation, and by these only it is enabled to collect that external knowledge which furnishes the ground of its actions and conduct.

Concerning the relative importance of these five organs, philosophers have expressed different opinions; but we shall follow the order in which they are above enumerated.

Commencing therefore with the eye, the organ of sight, let us first consider its mechanical construction.

It was necessary the mind should be informed of the external appearance, the size, shape, distance, colour, &c., of the objects by which she is surrounded. Observe the manner in which this has been accomplished.

Possessing in herself the *faculty* of sight, it was needful, however, from her state of confinement, in a mass of inactive matter, that some external organ or instrument should be afforded, for the purpose of exercising that faculty. I will now describe the instrument by which she sees.

You have first a nerve, or white fibre, of so peculiarly delicate a structure, that it is capable of conveying to the brain (supposed by many to be the centre of perception,) all those impressions concerning the appearances of bodies which can be made on it from without. This nerve (called the optic,) passes from the brain to the back part of the eye-ball, over the interior of which it is spread in a thin, fine coat, which is termed the retina of the eye. It is spread out in this manner for the purpose of being enabled to receive a more extensive picture upon its surface. Still, this picture would be very limited if the retina received the images of bodies directly upon itself, for in that case it could, at any distance, embrace no more than its own size of the surface of an object. This would in no respect fulfil all the purposes of

the sense, nor fully satisfy the faculty of sight possessed by the mind itself.

In order, therefore, to make this small surface comprehend a great number and extent of objects, or their images, an instrument is placed before it, nearly similar in its plan to a *camera obscura*, but far more perfect in its structure than that invention. This instrument is the eye.

Light, which is the medium by which the images of bodies are conveyed to the eye, is a fluid, governed by certain laws; and to these it was necessary that the eye should be adapted. One of these laws is, that light always proceeds from its centre, in straight lines, forming diverging cones. Now let us observe the course taken by these pencils, or rays of light, which are charged (so to say,) with the image of a body, and it will lead us through the mechanism of the eye. In the first place, one of the laws of light, above mentioned, prescribes that the pencils of light, on passing from a rare into a dense medium, should incline *towards* the perpendicular,

at the point where they first enter, and *vice versa*. Thus supposing the rays of light to convey the image of a dagger through the air (which is a rare medium,) to the cornea, or outer convex surface of the eye, (which is a dense medium), the rays converge, so as to make the figure of the dagger much more diminutive. They then pass through the anterior chamber of the watery humour, conveying the image of the dagger as far as the iris or rainbow of the eye. Here a new point is to be decided before they are permitted to carry their burthen any further. The retina being liable to injury by an excess of light, a membrane, called the iris, is placed before it, with its edges floating in the watery humour. This membrane contains, in the centre, a circular opening, called the pupil, which looks black merely from the darkness of the chamber behind it. This membrane has the power of contracting or dilating, so as to enlarge or diminish the opening in question, and thus modify the quantity of light admitted through it. The iris, therefore, having softened down the light

to that mellow tone which it conceives will be agreeable to the retina, the image of the dagger proceeds through what is called the posterior chamber, that is to say, the space behind the iris and before the crystalline lens, which is the next body that is qualified to affect its progress. This is a convex body of a certain degree of hardness and great clearness, and being a medium much more dense than the watery humour, on receiving the image, it converges the rays in a more powerful degree than has yet been done, and thus diminishes the image of the dagger more than ever.

Still, nevertheless, there is something wanting to complete the picture and diminish it yet further, at the same time that it enlarges the field of vision —for the crystalline lens is a very small body, not one sixth the size of the retina.—This effect is produced by the glassy humour, a clear soft substance between the lens and the retina—which receives the image from the former, makes the pencils of light converge still more (though less than the lens)—till the rays cross each other, and

thus fling the picture of the dagger turned upside down upon the retina.

Here then is the course which the rays of light pursue in their passage through the eye. The image first strikes on the cornea, it then passes through the watery humour, through the pupil of the iris, through the crystalline lens, through the glassy humour, and so to the retina.

The inversion of the image on the retina is a mechanical necessity occasioned by the fixed laws of light. You may ascertain this by a simple experiment. Close the window shutters so as to leave only one hole in them for the entrance of light, and you will see the shadow of a man outside inverted upon the opposite wall. This is readily accounted for. The object outside is too large to pass in a direct line through the hole, therefore the rays from his feet pass upward, and from his head downward, so as to produce the appearance you behold.

With the image on the retina our knowledge of the mechanism of sight terminates. Why that

image is inverted—how the object is seen straight after all—in what manner the optic nerve conveys the impression to the mind—all these are questions which never have been, and probably never shall be solved in this world. We only know that it is necessary to our seeing an object that its image should be thrown in an inverted position upon the retina. Here mechanism terminates and mystery begins.

There are other provisions in the structure of the eye which may be considered as comparatively incidental, and affecting the faculty of sight in a more indirect manner. I have before spoken of the iris, which regulates the degree of light to be admitted. In like manner, in order to prevent the confusion which would arise from the rays, which enter the eye, crossing those which are reflected from the lens and retina, and thus injuring the distinctness of the image, a satisfactory provision has been made. Black bodies according the laws of nature are found to absorb light.—Therefore the back of the iris is painted black so as to absorb the rays thrown back from the lens; and behind

the retina is another coat of black paint, called the black pigment, which absorbs all the light after it has deposited the image upon the retina, and renders the whole a camera obscura; serving, in fact, the same purpose as the black paint with which the inside of that instrument is covered. For the want of this pigment, animals called Albinos, (who appear to have red eyes) can scarcely distinguish objects with any distinctness in a strong light.

The different degrees of density in the mediums through which the image is conveyed, are intended to prevent the separation of the pencils of light into different colours, which you know is always done when they are refracted by a lens. In imitation of this wise provision in the eye, telescopes are made, with glasses composed of different materials, and are found to answer the same purpose.

It is a law of optics, that the same lens will not answer for objects at a distance, and those which are near at hand; the former requiring a more convex lens than the latter. Nothing,

therefore, was wanted to the perfection of the eye, but the combining within itself the different functions of a telescope and simple lens. Here we see the wisdom of making the various mediums of a ductile, as well as a lucid material—(a perfection that optical instruments can never reach,) for by this provision the eye is enabled to render itself more or less convex, according to the distance of the object.

Having now observed the structure of this exquisitely delicate instrument, let us attend for a moment to the wonderful evidences of the divine care and benevolence, which are evinced in the circumstances allotted for its protection and preservation. The ball is embedded in a soft and elastic cushion of fat, which effectually preserves it from any injurious contact with the bone or socket of the eye. This bone itself, which is one of the strongest in the human body, constitutes the chief protection of the organ. Projecting above and below, it forms a cavity, in which the eye reposes in almost perfect security—insomuch that accidental injuries of this fine organ are rare, in com-

parison with those which assail other parts of the frame. It is still further protected from violence by its position in the highest part of the person. How miserable would be your life, if your eyes were placed in any part of the frame more exposed to the contact of surrounding objects!

It is further protected by the eyebrows, which prevent the perspiration of the forehead from flowing downwards into it; and which assist the iris in modifying the excess of light, particularly when coming from above. We knit the brows on encountering a sudden burst of sunshine, so as to throw a still darker shadow over the eyeball. It is observed that the colour and thickness of the eyebrows vary in different countries, according to the climate. The inhabitants of hot and sunny climates have them very thick and black, while, in cold regions, though they may be sometimes thick, they are seldom of a very dark colour.

But of all the provisions which the divinity has appointed for the preservation of this essential organ, there is none which combines so many uses within itself as the eyelid. It assists the

iris and the eyebrows in moderating the light when it is intense—it covers the eye during sleep —it defends it by its sudden closure from any injurious particles, such as dust, &c., which are constantly floating in the air—it keeps the eye moist by the motion of nictation, or winking, which is renewed every few seconds, and which diffuses over the ball that fluid which is secreted for the purpose in what is called the lachrymal gland. This gland is the fountain of tears.

The eyelashes are of no small advantage both in assisting to modify the excess of light, and averting foreign particles from the ball. A celebrated and popular lecturer, in one of the London surgical schools, compares the outer or preservative apparatus of the eye to a perfect fly-trap.

The tears are of no small importance in the preservation of the eye. They consist of a fluid generated in the lachrymal gland, excreted by small vessels, and diffused by the action of the lid over the cornea, to which it imparts that constant brilliancy which gives such expression to

the organ. The dull appearance of the eye after death, is, in some measure, attributable to the failure of this secretion. By flowing in greater abundance they also relieve the eye from the irritation of any foreign particles that may happen to enter it. The superabundance of tears is carried off by means of the lachrymal duct towards the nostrils, where it is evaporated by the air.

In order to prevent any grains of dust, or other particles which might, (notwithstanding the above precautions,) fall into the eye, from getting behind the ball, and there generating disease, it is arranged that the conjunctive membrane, which covers the fore part of the eye, shall also, by turning back, form the inner lining of the eyelid. It is, by a peculiar electric property, an acutely sensitive membrane—a circumstance which prevents our feeling any ease until all foreign and injurious particles are removed.

The lachrymal caruncle, as that small red spot is termed, which you observe at the inner corner of the eye, is placed there for the purpose of

keeping the lids separate, so as not to close upon the lachrymal duct before mentioned, which lies close to it.

Having now, my dear Cyriac, enumerated the chief of those circumstances which compose the organ of sight, as well as those which are applied for its preservation, I will conclude this chapter, reserving, to a future opportunity, those remarks on its excellence and uses which arise most eadily to the understanding. I have forborne he liberty of directing your attention to the divine Author of this and all other blessings; for I know, that love is not the fruit of counsel or reproach—and even if it were, that gratitude which sleeps at all times, except when it is shamed into action, I think not worth the waking.

CHAPTER III.

Uses and Government of Sight.

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Take a mirror, and examine for a moment with attention, the appearance of that organ, the exquisite structure of which has already excited your applause. Like the beauty of a friend in whose society you have lived from your early childhood, or of a landscape which you have looked on daily and hourly for many years, the eye has, perhaps, become an object so familiar to you, that it has ceased to awaken a distinct feeling of admiration. The best mode, therefore, of convincing yourself how essentially beautiful it is, may be found in imagining the whole, or any of its parts, absent from the countenance. Suppose the eye altogether

wanting: what a blank and hideous aspect does the face present! It is impossible to dwell on the picture for a moment without offering a harsh violence to our feelings. Imagine then only a partial injury of the apparatus. The brow, which throws its dark and symmetrical arch across the fair and delicate expanse of forehead, and heightens by its contrast the tenderness of hue by which this portion of the countenance is distinguished. Suppose this arch removed, and the idea of beauty is no longer associated with the features. Imagine only a change of hue in the eye itself: suppose the crystalline lens obscured, or behold it so in the eyes of persons who are blind from cataract: the idea of beauty, if not wholly destroyed, is blended with so painful and so melancholy a sensation, that the mind can dwell with greater satisfaction upon deformity. It is ordained, by the divine prescience, that the iris, which surrounds the pupil with a circle so exact and uniform, shall never present any of the more lively and original colours; perhaps because, in that instance, the

vivacity of reflexion might interfere with the distinctness of vision. The same providence has decreed that, in this instance, the idea of beauty in our minds should be associated only with colours of a soft and moderate class; and even a child, who is always best pleased with looking on lively colours, would be shocked by the phenomenon of a red, a violet, or a green iris.

But it is in its expression—in the indications which it affords of the affections and emotions of the mind within, that the chief beauty of this organ consists. "The opening of the eye," says the monarch of Scottish fable, "is to the human countenance what light is to the natural landscape." The similitude is as true as it is beautiful. Where the expression of the eye is wanted, the perfection of the other features is no more observable than is the loveliness of the valley of Chamouni, or the isle of Innisfallen, in the depth of an interlunar night.

In what part of the frame are the affections mirrored so beautifully as here?—In joy, how bright and sparkling is the appearance of the eye! The

lid is raised, and the slight gush of tears heightens the brilliancy of its reflexion, while it seems to start forward as if eager to meet the impression which has awakened so lively a sensation within the mind. In grief, how touching is its depression!—The lid falls, the lashes droop, and the eyeball seeks the earth, as if unwilling to disturb, by the sight of any other object, the memory of that beloved and long-accustomed one, which it shall never more behold on earth. How amiable is its half-shut and retiring look when merit, diffident even of itself, hesitates to assume its rightful place in the social order! How glorious is the fire which fills it when a tempered zeal for truth, or injured home and altars is swelling in the heart! Track it through all its changes, whether it glistens with compassion, lights up with courage, or droops with humility, and in ever instance you will find it the silent tongue of the heart—the window of the affections.

A practised observer of mankind might be enabled by the character and expression of this feature to form a conjecture on the temper and

fortunes of its possessor. Who is there that has not been affected, on meeting in age the friend whom he knew in youth, by the altered glance with which his own has been encountered? *Then*, the eye was all fire and hope and confidence; the beacon flame of a heart that was armed for action and assured of conquest. *Now*, though the fire may not be fled, it is shadowed with a hue of disappointment, a mingling of sternness and of distrust which shows that the matured experience of the man has rebuked his boyish confidence, and a sadness which seems to whisper that he has not found the world to be the fairy land he once believed it.

The amiable Addison, in his well known papers on Imagination, considers this sense as the peculiar organ of that brilliant faculty. The question has been disputed by another genius of a more modern date, who invests with this dignity the sense of smell. But considering imagination as that power which the mind possesses of combining into new forms impressions received by the senses, it is evident that all contribute to supply the ma-

terial out of which its magnificent structures are compounded.

Their services, however, vary in importance and extent. Sight may not be the most essential to our acquisition of knowledge, or to our safe existence, but it is perhaps of all others that one which we would be most unwilling to surrender. The beautiful plaint of the Agonistes, written by a poet who felt the grief he sung, may furnish some evidence of this :—

"O loss of sight! of thee I most complain.
Blind among enemies. O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, decrepid age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me.
They creep, yet see. I, dark in light, exposed
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse and wrong,
Within doors, or without, still, as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark! amid the blaze of noon

Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!
O first created beam! and thou, great word,
'Let there be light!' and light was over all;
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree?
The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon
When she deserts the night
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave."

The reason of this predilection for the sense of sight, above all others, is easily to be discovered. Not only does it impart a continual and unalloying happiness to our minds, but it confirms, and renders everlasting, those ties of affection by which our hearts are bound to the objects which surround us.

In the hours of reflection and of silence, when the heart steals from the anxieties and agitations of the present, to the memory of the past, it is by the agency of this sense that we are enabled to recall the forms of departed friends, and the images of those forsaken scenes, which were associated with the keen enjoyments of our early life; which

were the first tutors of our infant senses, and the field where we first exercised, and first gratified that thirst for knowledge which is a leading principle of our nature. It is the sense of the affections—the organ by which the heart receives and reveals its sweetest and tenderest emotions. When the bosom is warm with enjoyment, we see the inward light breaking through the eyes; and when the heart is pained, it is in the tears, and the depression of this sympathising feature, that we read its agonies.

By the agency of this little organ, likewise, it is, that one of the most innocent and rational sources of recreation has been opened to the human mind. It is the parent of those delightful classes of elegant science which have been emphatically denominated the fine arts. By combining those impressions which it enabled them to treasure in their recollection, the architects of ancient Greece constructed those noble edifices which, even in their ruins, affect the mind so forcibly by their mingled grandeur and simplicity. By this sense it is, that the sculptor is enabled to enchain the admiration of

the world, and to praise the Creator in a lofty manner, by the imitation of his works. By this sense the painter makes us acquainted with the visual splendours of other climes, and secures to a fond domestic circle, the image of a lost and beloved member, even when the hues and form, that furnished the subject of his task are faded into dust and ashes. By this organ it is that we are made acquainted with the persons and features of those great men who have influenced the condition of mankind in times long past, and shed a lustre on the page of history.

By this sense, likewise, the writer of fictitious story—(a class of literature which, unhappily, has seldom been rendered so seriously advantageous as it might be to society)—is enabled to unfold the portals of past time, and pour a flood of light over ages and events which history has left in darkness. By this he is enabled to revive departed manners—to repeople the desolated vales, and rebuild the ruined cities of antiquity.

But it is not for the purpose of enjoying a brief and transient, although exquisite happiness that

you have been gifted with this enchanting faculty. It is given you for higher and far more beneficial uses. I have before intimated that this sense is neither the one most essential to your self-preservation, nor the best adapted to fill your mind with knowledge. But it is yet certain that much may through its agency, be added to our stock of information, and consequently to our capability of acquiring perfection. It enables us to behold and applaud the visible wonders of the Creator, and by the constant observation of his benefits, to raise our hearts in gratitude and affection to Him who fashioned all things into shapes so fair, and tinged them with hues so beautiful.

To appreciate all the excellence of this wonderful organ, cast your eyes, in the depth of a starlit night upon the skies. Every star which you there behold is a globe of many hundreds of miles in diameter—and you can comprehend by a single glance many millions of millions of those worlds! Consider now the excellence of that little organ in the bottom of which that vast circumference, with all those myriads of illuminated

worlds is pictured in so minute a space, with so much accuracy and distinctness. It is a wonderful—an affecting subject! An impious astronomer—an impious anatomist! What monsters! What midsummer maniacs!

Observe the eye of a skilful general when surveying the evolutions of that battle on which the welfare of his aggrieved and injured country must depend. Of the hundreds of thousands of armed men who are marshalled within his view, no single company can execute a movement which is not instantly depicted within his eye; enabling him to meet and counteract every aggression by directing counter evolutions. How noble is the expression of the eye while it is engaged in those lofty and soul-stirring duties! while the mind is occupied almost at the same time in receiving the intelligence of difficulties and furnishing expedients. His glance expresses at the same instant care without anxiety, and excitation without heat, while his eye is fixed on the foe and his ear is bent to the voice of his flying couriers. Scarcely does one arrive all breathless at his side with the

intelligence of a disaster, when another is dispatched with the remedy. Conclusion is with him as rapid as reflection itself—and the inductions of reason are as instantaneous as those of instinct. His eye anticipates the necessities of the day, and directs the movements of the multitude! The cause of patriotism and of freedom advances—it is on the point of triumph. A shot has grazed his brow! he is struck with blindness—and the cause of freedom and of patriotism is lost—the fate of his country is decided! an empire is marked out for ruin!

Though not of the most essential importance in acquiring, it is most efficacious in the diffusion of knowledge. The art of printing which has made learning an universal blessing in our own age, and which enables those gifted individuals, whose virtues, talents, or acquirements are calculated to confer a blessing on society, to multiply themselves a million fold throughout the world—that beneficial art traces its origin from this sense. Epistolary correspondence, that solace of sundered hearts, is also dependent upon it, and it is

by the agency of that small organ that I am now freely conversing with you, my friend, at a longer distance than my heart could wish.

Forget not, therefore, my dear Cyriac, the obligations under which you are placed by the possession of this noble gift, to employ it in such a manner as may redound to the glory of the Giver. It is in your power, by a prudent exercise of the sense, to acquire the means of bestowing many services on your fellow creatures, and securing an exquisite degree of happiness to yourself; and it is also in your power by a want of the requisite moderation in its employment, to lay the foundation of much misery for your own heart, and much sorrow and scandal to others. If you use it at random, suffering it to wander without order or discretion over every object that the light reveals around it, you had almost as well, so far as knowledge and true wisdom are concerned, been born and lived in total blindness. Amongst such a mass of ideas presented to it, the mind is distracted and enfeebled, and soon loses that power of clear discrimination which is so neces-

sary to infix in the memory the information which it receives. Even when governed with the most fastidious vigilance many have found it impossible to avoid that distraction of mind which is occasioned by the multiplicity of objects presented to this sense, and an instance has been recorded of a celebrated philosopher* of antiquity, who, in order to remedy this inconvenience, had both his eyes extracted. It is on this account that, in moments of intense and laborious reflection, we fix the eyes on some single and familiar object with every feature of which we imperceptibly associate the subject of our own meditation.

Remember also the destiny of this sense. It is not given you for purposes merely temporal and earthly. Its destiny in time is not to tempt

* It is probable that this measure was unsuccessful; for, as Democritus was not born blind, his memory and his imagination must have supplied a still more distracting and more novel succession of images than would have been furnished by the living organ of sight, if reasonably governed. Few close their eyes in order to think profoundly, and I think it is probable that such a measure would not procure greater unity of attention.

you to fix your affections on scenes and spectacles which shall pass away, but to furnish you with motives for divine love and knowledge to acquire wisdom. Its destiny in eternity is to behold the God that made it for ever and for ever.

Keep it, therefore, like a good steed, under the government of a steady reason. There is a seductive pleasure in the sense which, if you at any time wholly abandon the reins, will hurry you away to folly and destruction. Let it not, therefore, basely content itself with the objectless contemplation of things which are only intended to stimulate it to the attainment of a loftier and more lasting enjoyment. "The eye," says the eternal Spirit in the person of the inspired king of Judah, "is not filled with seeing, nor the ear with hearing." A melancholy truth! which was echoed by the heart of the writer, and is echoed, at this day, by the hearts of thousands, who, neglecting the everlasting destiny of the senses, have hurried them in youth through all the indulgences which the world presented for their

seduction, and left themselves, at length, an old age of intolerable weariness and satiety.

But above all, my Cyriac, let not this glorious faculty, which is allotted for the promotion of your eternal happiness, be made the instrument of your eternal ruin. O, my young friend, let this fear sink deep into your heart!—"The eye," said the gentle victim of Calvary—the benevolent Being who made the sense, and knew the purposes for which he made it—"is the light of the body." Let it not, therefore, be to you the minister of darkness. Better were it that you had been born blind as midnight, than having eyes, to use them against the end for which they were created. Suffer not that eye which is destined to behold the Creator in his glory for all eternity, to dwell, for a moment, on objects that can only administer defilement to your spirit. He that is blind to the world, is lynx-eyed for heaven.

Address yourself to the hearts of those who have not only wearied this sense in the indulgence of an idle curiosity, but made it the purveyor of

a guilty appetite, the flood-gate, by which iniquity, like a torrent, has burst in upon the soul, and they will tell you, if they speak the truth, that, in common with all the other senses, it has disappointed their expectations. Hope not, therefore, that you can find happiness in the exercise of those organs in a world where their objects are as perishable as themselves. Let the things which are changing around you in every hour of every day, be nothing better in your estimation than the shadows which they really are. Let not your eye devour all things indiscriminately and at once. If you seek for wisdom in the volume of nature, fly not, like a child, from one gay picture to another, but read it slowly, page after page, letting the moral, that lurks underneath even that which seems merely intended to amuse, become deeply engraved upon your memory. Employ this happy gift with prudence and self-possession, and reserve the full abandonment of its power to that promised time, when it shall be called to look upon light that fades not, hues that change not, and forms which shall never be dissolved.

To compensate, my dear young friend, in some degree, for this long letter of counsel, I will, in my next, desire your attention for a tale which may furnish an illustration of the advantages which the sense is capable of conferring.

CHAPTER IV.

The Kelp-Gatherer.

A TALE.

CHAPTER IV.

The Kelp-Gatherer.

The stranger who wanders along the terrific masses of crag that overhang the green and foaming waters of the Atlantic, on the western coasts of Ireland, feels a melancholy interest excited in his mind, as he turns aside from the more impressive grandeurs of the scene, and gazes on the small stone heaps that are scattered over the moss on which he treads. They are the graves of the nameless few whose bodies have been from time to time rejected from the bosom of the ocean, and cast upon these lonely crags to startle the early fisherman with their ghastly and disfigured bulk. Here they meet, at the hands of the pitying moun-

taineers, the last offices of Christian charity—a grave in the nearest soft earth, with no other ceremonial than the humble peasant's prayer. Here they lie, uncoffined, unlamented, unclaimed by mourning friends, starting like sudden spectres of death from the depths of the ocean, to excite a wild fear, a passing thought of pity, a vain enquiry in the hamlet, and then sink into the earth in mystery and in silence, to be no more remembered on its surface.

The obscurity which envelopes the history of those unhappy strangers affords a subject to the speculative traveller, on which he may give free play to the wings of his imagination. Few, indeed, can pass these deserted sepulchres without endeavouring for a moment to penetrate in fancy the darkness which enshrouds the fate of their mouldering tenants; without beholding the progress of the ruin that struck from beneath the voyager's feet, the firm and lofty fabric to which he had confidently trusted his existence, without hearing the shrieks of the despairing crew, and the stern and horrid burst of the roused-up ocean,

as it dealt the last stroke upon the groaning timbers of the wreck, and scattered the whole pile far and wide, in countless atoms, upon the boiling surface of the deep. And, again, without turning in thought to the far-away homes, at which the tale of the wanderers was never told—to the pale young widow that dreamed herself still a wife, and lived on, from morn to morn, in the fever of a vain suspense—to the helpless parent, that still hoped for the offices of filial kindness from the hand that was now mouldering in a distant grave; and to the social fire-side, over whose evening pastimes the long silence of an absent friend had thrown a gloom, that the certainty of woe or gladness could never remove.

Among those nameless tombs, within the space of the last few years, the widow of a fisherman, named Reardon, was observed to spend a great portion of her time. Her husband had died young, perishing in a sudden storm, which swept his canoe from the coast side into the waste of sea beyond it; and his wife was left to inhabit a small cottage near the crags, and to support, by

the labour of her hands, an only child, who was destined to inherit little more than the blessing, the virtue, and the affections of his parent. The poor widow endeavoured to procure a subsistence for her boy and for herself, by gathering the kelp which was thrown upon the crags, and which was burned for the purpose of manufacturing soap from its ashes; while the youth employed his yet unformed strength in tilling the small garden, that was confined by a quickset hedge, at their cottage side. They were fondly attached, and toiled incessantly to obtain the means of comfort, rather for each other than for themselves; but, with all their exertions, fortune left them in the rearward of her favour. The mother beheld, with a mother's agony, the youthful limbs and features of her boy exhibit the sickly effects of habitual privation, and habitual toil; while the son mourned to see the feebleness of a premature old age begin to steal upon the health and vigour of his parent.

In these difficulties, a prospect of certain advantage and probable good fortune, induced the

young man to leave his mother and his native country for some years. The distresses and disturbances which agitated that unhappy land, pressed so heavily upon the fortunes of many families of the middle, as well as the lower rank, that great numbers were found to embrace the opportunity of improvement, which the colonization of the new world held out for their advantage. Among those who emigrated, was the family under whom the Reardons held their little cottage; and with them it was, that the young man determined to try his fortune in a happier region. Having arranged their affairs so as to secure his widowed parent against absolute poverty, they separated with many tears, the mother blessing her son as she committed him to the guardianship of Providence, and the son pledging himself to return to her assistance so soon as he had obtained the means of providing her the comforts necessary for her old age.

His success, though gradual, was complete. The blessings of the young Tobias fell upon the work of his hands, and his industry, because well

directed, was productive, even beyond his expectations. Instead of lingering like many of his fellow-exiles in the sea-port towns, where they were detained by idleness, and that open-mouthed folly, which persuades men that fortune may be found without the pain of seeking, young Reardon proceeded at once into the new settlements, where human industry is one of the most valuable and valued commodities. In a little time, he was enabled to remit a considerable portion of his earnings to his poor mother, and continued from time to time, to increase his contributions to her comfort, until at length the abundance of his prosperity was such, as to enable him to relinquish the pursuit of gain, and to fulfil the promise he had made at parting.

He did not return alone. With the full approbation of the poor widow, he had joined his fate to that of a young person in the settlement where he dwelt, whose dispositions were in every way analogous to his own, and who only excelled him in the superior ease and comfort of her circumstances. Previous to his return, he wrote to the

poor widow, to inform her, that in less than two months from that time, with the blessing of Providence, her daughter-in-law, her two grandchildren, and her son, would meet beneath the roof of her ancient dwelling.

Fancy, if you can, the anxiety with which the poor widow looked out for this long expected time. The assistance which the affectionate exile had been able to afford her, was such as to raise her to a state of comparative affluence in her neighbourhood, and to render her independent of the hard and servile toil by which she had been accustomed to gain a livelihood. Her cottage was wholly changed in its appearance, and had the honour of being frequently selected for a night's lodging by her landlord's agent, and other great men, who passed through that lonely district. A few flowers sprung up in her sally fringed garden, which were not the less tenderly cherished, that the seeds from which they grew, were transmitted from the emigrant's garden in the other hemisphere. Her life, up to the moment when she received this joyous letter, had been calmly

and sadly happy. She looked forward with a serene feeling of mingled hope and resignation, to the day of her son's return, and never once suffered the eagerness of her affection to outstep her gratitude to Heaven, and her entire dependence upon the divine will.

But, forgive a mother's fondness!—There are few hearts in which the affections of the world and of nature are so entirely held under subjection by the strong hand of reason and of faith, that they cannot be moved to a momentary forgetfulness of duty, by a sudden and startling occasion. After the widow had heard the letter read, in which her son announced his approaching return, the quiet of her life was for a time disturbed. She thought of heaven indeed, and prayed even more fervently than before; but the burning fever that possessed her heart, showed that its confidence was qualified. In the hours of devotion, she often found her thoughts wandering, from that Being whose breath could still or trouble the surface of the ocean, far over the wide waters themselves, to meet the vessel that was fly-

ing to her with the tidings of bliss. She shuddered as she went, morn after morn, to the cliff-head, and cast her eyes on the graves of the ship-wrecked voyagers, which were scattered along the turf-mountain on which she trod. In the silence of the night, when she endeavoured to drown her anxieties in sleep, imagination did but overact the part with which it had terrified her waking. Stormy seas and adverse winds—a ship straining against the blast, with her deck covered with pale and frighted faces, among which she seemed to detect those of her son, and of his family—winds hissing through the creaking yards—and waves tossing their horrid heads aloft, and roaring for their prey. Such were the visions that beset the bed of the longing mother, and made the night ghastly to her eyes. When she lay awake, the rustling of a sudden wind among the green boughs at her window, made her start, and sit erect in her bed; nor would she again return to rest until she had opened the little casement, and satisfied herself, by waving her hand abroad in the night air, that her alarm was occasioned by one of its

fairest and most favourable motions. So indeed it was. The Almighty, as though to convince her how far she was from conjecturing aright the quarter from which calamity might visit her, bade the winds blow, during the whole of that period, in the manner which, had they been in her own keeping, she would have desired. Her acquaintances and neighbours all seemed to share in her anxiety. The fishermen, after they had drawn up their canoes at evening, were careful on their way homeward, to drop in at the widow Reardon's door, and let her know what vessels had entered the neighbouring river in the course of the day, or had appeared in the offing. She was constantly cheered with the assurance that fairer weather for a homeward bound ship, or more likely to continue, was never known before. Still, nevertheless, the poor woman's heart was not at peace, and the days and nights lagged along with an unaccustomed heaviness.

One night in particular, towards the end of the second month, appeared to linger so very strangely, that the widow thought the morn would never

dawn. An unusual darkness seemed to brood over the world; and she lay awake, gazing with longing eyes toward the little window through which the sun's earliest rays were used to greet her in her waking.

On a sudden, she heard voices outside the window. Alive to the slightest circumstance that was unusual, she arose, all dark as it was, threw on her simple dress in haste, and groped her way to the front door of the dwelling. She recognised the voice of a friendly neighbour, and opened the door, supposing that he might have some interesting intelligence to communicate. She judged correctly.

"Good news! good news! Mrs. Reardon; and I give you joy of them this morning. What will you give me for telling you who is in that small boat at the shore?"

"That small boat!—what?—where?"

"Below there, ma'am, where I'm pointing my finger. Don't you see them coming up the crag towards you?"

"I cannot—I cannot—it is so dark—" the

widow replied, endeavouring to penetrate the gloom.

"Dark! And the broad sun shining down upon them this whole day!"

"Day! The Sun! O my almighty Father, save me!"—

"What's the matter? Don't you see them, ma'am?"

"See them?" the poor woman exclaimed, placing her hands on her eyes and shrieking aloud in her agony—"Oh! I shall never see him more! —I am dark and blind!"

The peasant started back and blessed himself. The next instant the poor widow was caught in the arms of her son.

"Where is she? My mother! O my darling mother, I am come back to you! Look! I have kept my word."

She strove, with a sudden effort of self-restraint, to keep her misfortune secret, and wept without speaking, upon the neck of her long absent relative, who attributed her tears to an excess of happiness. But when he presented his young

wife and called her attention to the happy laughing faces and healthful cheeks of their children, the wandering of her eyes and the confusion of her manner left it no longer possible to retain the secret.

"My good, kind boy," said she, laying her hand heavily on his arm—"you are returned to my old arms once more, and I am grateful for it—but we cannot expect to have all we wish for in this world. O my poor boy, I can never see you—I can never see your children! I am blind."

The young man uttered a horrid and piercing cry, while he tossed his clenched hand above his head and stamped upon the earth in sudden anguish. "Blind! my mother!" he repeated—"Oh, heaven, is this the end of all my toils and wishes? To come home and find her dark for ever! Is it for this that I have prayed and laboured? Blind and dark! O my poor mother! Oh, heaven! O mother, mother!"

"Hold, now, my boy—where are you? What way is that for a Christian to talk? Come near me, and let me touch your hands.—Don't add to

my sorrows, Richard, my child, by uttering a word against the will of Heaven.—Where are you? Come near me. Let me hear you say that you are resigned to this and all other visitations of the great Lord of all light. Say this, my child, and your virtue will be dearer to me than my eyes! Ah, my good Richard, you may be sure the Almighty never strikes us except it is for our sins, or for our good. I thought too much of you, my child, and the Lord saw that my heart was straying to the world again, and he has struck me for the happiness of both. Let me hear you say that you are satisfied. I can see your heart still, and that is dearer to me than your person. Let me see it as good and dutiful as I knew it before you left me."

The disappointed exile supported her in his arms.—"Well,—well,—my poor mother," he said, "I am satisfied. Since you are the chief sufferer and shew no discontent, it would be too unreasonable that I should murmur. The will of Heaven be done!—but it is a bitter—bitter stroke." Again he folded his dark parent to his bosom and wept aloud, while his wife retiring softly to a dis-

tance, hid her face in her cloak. Her children clung with fear and anxiety to her side, and gazed with affrighted faces upon the afflicted mother and son.

But they were not forgotten.—After she had repeatedly embraced her recovered child, the good widow remembered her guests. She extended her arms towards that part of the room at which she heard the sobs and moanings of the younger mother. "Is that my daughter's voice?" she asked—"place her in my arms, Richard. Let me feel the mother of your children upon my bosom." The young woman flung herself into the embrace of the aged widow.—"Young and fair, I am sure," the latter continued, passing her wasted fingers over the blooming cheek of the good American. "I can feel the roses upon this cheek, I am certain. But what are these?—Tears? My good child, you should dry our tears instead of adding to them. Where are your children? Let me see—ah! my heart—let me *feel* them, I mean—let me take them in my arms. My little angels! Oh! if I could only open my

eyes for one moment to look upon you all—but for one little instant—I would close them again for the rest of my life, and think myself happy. If it had happened only one day—one hour after your arrival—but the will of Heaven be done! perhaps even this moment, when we think ourselves most miserable, He is preparing for us some hidden blessing."

Once more the pious widow was correct in her conjecture. It is true, that day, which all hoped should be a day of rapture, was spent by the reunited family in tears and mourning. But Providence did not intend that creatures who had served him so faithfully, should be visited with more than a temporary sorrow, for a slight and unaccustomed transgression.

The news of the widow's misfortune spread rapidly through the country, and excited universal sympathy—for few refuse their commiseration to a fellow creature's sorrow—even of those who would accord a tardy and measured sympathy to his good fortune. Among those who heard with real pity the story of their distress, was a surgeon

who resided in the neighbourhood, and who felt all that enthusiastic devotion to his art, which its high importance to the welfare of mankind was calculated to excite in a generous mind. This gentleman took an early opportunity of visiting the old widow when she was alone in the cottage. The simplicity with which she told her story, and the entire resignation which she expressed, interested and touched him deeply.

"It is not over with me yet, sir," she concluded, "for still, when the family are talking around me, I forget that I am blind; and when I hear my son say something pleasant, I turn to see the smile upon his lips; and when the darkness reminds me of my loss, it seems as if I lost my sight over again!"

The surgeon discovered, on examination, that the blindness was occasioned by a disease called cataract, which obscures, by an unhealthy secretion, the lucid brightness of the crystalline lens (described in a former chapter,) and obstructs the entrance of the rays of light. The improvements which modern practitioners have made in this sci-

ence, render this disease, which was once held to be incurable, now comparatively easy of removal. The surgeon perceived at once by the condition of the eyes, that, by the abstraction of the injured lens, he could restore sight to the afflicted widow.

Unwilling, however, to excite her hopes too suddenly or prematurely, he began by asking her whether, for a chance of recovering the use of her eyes, she would submit to a little pain?

The poor woman replied, "that if he thought he could once more enable her to behold her child and his children, she would be content to undergo any pain which would not endanger her existence."

"Then," replied her visitor, "I may inform you, that I have the strongest reasons to believe that I can restore your sight, provided you agree to place yourself at my disposal for a few days. I will provide you with an apartment in my house, and your family shall know nothing of it until the cure is effected."

The widow consented, and on that very even-

ing the operation was performed. The pain was slight, and was endured by the patient without a murmur. For a few days after the surgeon insisted on her wearing a covering over her eyes, until the wounds which he had found it necessary to inflict, had been perfectly healed.

One morning, after he had felt her pulse and made the necessary inquiries, he said, while he held the hand of the widow—

"I think we may now venture with safety to remove the covering. Compose yourself, now my good old friend, and suppress all emotion. Prepare your heart for the reception of a great happiness."

The poor woman clasped her hands firmly together, and moved her lips as if in prayer. At the same moment the covering fell from her brow, and the light burst in a joyous flood upon her soul. She sat for an instant bewildered and incapable of viewing any object with distinctness. The first on which her eyes reposed, was the figure of a young man bending his gaze with an intense and ecstatic fondness upon hers, and with

his arms outstretched as if to anticipate the recognition. The face, though changed and sunned since she had known it, was still familiar to her. She started from her seat with a wild cry of joy, and cast herself upon the bosom of her son.

She embraced him repeatedly, then removed him to a distance, that she might have the opportunity of viewing him with greater distinctness—and again, with a burst of tears, flung herself upon his neck. Other voices, too, mingled with theirs. She beheld her daughter and their children waiting eagerly for her caress. She embraced them all, returning from each to each, and perusing their faces and persons as if she would never drink deep enough of the cup of rapture which her recovered sense afforded her. The beauty of the young mother—the fresh and rosy colour of the children—the glossy brightness of their hair—their smiles—their movements of joy—all afforded subjects for delight and admiration, such as she might never have experienced, had she never considered them in the light of blessings lost for life. The surgeon, who thought that the con-

sciousness of a stranger's presence might impose a restraint upon the feelings of the patient and her friends, retired into a distant corner, where he beheld, not without tears, the scene of happiness which he had been made instrumental in conferring.

"Richard," said the widow, as she laid her hand upon her son's shoulder and looked into his eyes, "did I not judge aright, when I said, that even when we thought ourselves most miserable, the Almighty might have been preparing for us some hidden blessing? Were we in the right to murmur?"

The young man withdrew his arms from his mother, clasped them before him, and bowed down his head in silence.

CHAPTER V.

Hearing.

CHAPTER V.

The Mechanism of Hearing.

The inquiries of those illustrious persons, whose labours have thrown a light on the hidden wonders of nature, and revealed to men so many secret benefits of their Creator, have not so successfully unravelled the mechanism of hearing as that of sight. The apparatus which they had to examine in this instance, was much more complex, and more subtle in its operation; and another difficulty might be found in our imperfect acquaintance with the laws of sound—this rendering us incapable of appreciating the uses of many portions of the organ, which, from their form and position, as well as from their perfect similarity in all animals of the species, appear to be

indispensable to the sense. Still, however, enough is understood of the mechanism of the part to excite our astonishment and admiration.

Let us, therefore, examine how far physiologists have proceeded in the description of this wonderful instrument.

And first, of sound itself. What light is to the eye, sound is to the hearing; with this essential difference, however, that light has an existence independent of the body which we see, whereas sound is nothing more than the vibration of the body which we hear.

To describe more particularly the nature of sound, let us observe its progress. When a body vibrates, its motions are communicated to the air around it, and transmitted in straight lines on all sides. Thus, when the string of a harp is struck at a distance of five or more feet from our ear, it communicates its vibrations to the intermediate air, which again transmits them through the organ of hearing to the seat of sensation itself, within the brain. Enough may be said for my purpose of the nature of sound itself, when I in-

form you that when a body vibrates slowly it produces a low sound; quickly, a high, or shrill sound.

The ear is, like the organ of sight, a mechanical instrument of a peculiarly delicate construction, placed before a white fibre called the auditory, or acoustic nerve. It is divided by physiologists into three parts—the outward ear, the middle ear, and the internal ear.

The outward ear comprises the wing, or pavilion, and the outer auditory labyrinth.

The middle ear comprises the drum and the bony chain, (consisting of the hammer, the anvil, the round bone, and the stirrup).

The internal ear is composed of the worm and the vestibule, in which latter are found the ends of the acoustic nerve floating in a thin fluid, which fills up all the cavities of the internal ear.

These constitute the principal portions of the apparatus. Let us now contemplate, in succession, the uses of each part for the transmission of sound.

The vibrations of the air, or, it may be said,

the rays of sound proceeding from a vibrating object fall, in the first instance, upon the wing, or pavilion of the ear, which, by its shape, is well adapted for collecting and directing them to the mouth of the outer auditory labyrinth, which terminates at the drum of the ear. The outward ear, comprising these two portions, has been familiarly compared to a hearing trumpet, nor is the similitude objectionable. The wing itself is fitted for assisting the vibrations of the air, being a fine, elastic gristle, covered with a very delicate skin, and not, in any instance, enveloped in fat, which would diminish its capability of vibration. In like manner fat is always excluded from the labyrinth of the ear, and for the same reason.

The drum, (the first part of the middle ear which receives the vibrating sounds from the outer labyrinth,) consists of a cavity separated from this labyrinth by a thin elastic membrane, which is equivalent to the parchment that is drawn across the head of a drum. This membrane is capable of transmitting the vibrations with great facility, being of a dry and brittle tis-

sue, without fibres, nerves, or blood-vessels, and having nothing like it in the whole kingdom of the human economy. It has, moreover, the power of modifying the rays of sound in the same manner as the iris does those of light in their passage. I will explain to you how this is performed.

A sound either too grave or too shrill has the same injurious effect on the ear that a ray of light too feeble or too brilliant has on the organ of sight. In order, therefore, to enable the ear to accommodate itself to the different degrees of sound, when they approach to an injurious extreme, the membrane of the drum has the power of being slackened so as to diminish the number of vibrations when they are too shrill, or stretched and tightened so as to multiply them when they are too grave. This effort of the ear, however, is only supposed to take place when the sounds are in a painful extreme either of shrillness or of gravity; for it would be a refinement of conjecture, unsupported by experiment, to say that the ear adapts this membrane to every variety of sound which it receives. It is certain, however,

that it exerts in many instances this self-protecting power, for the ear is often much pained by a sudden and loud noise, from which, if it had been previously expected, it would have suffered little or nothing.

The vibrations are now transmitted by the membrane across the cavity of the drum, by means of the air with which this cavity is filled. But a more distinct and exact conductor is found in a chain of small bones which extends from the membrane of the drum across the cavity to a membrane called the oval window, by which the drum is shut on the opposite side. The first of these bones, which is called the hammer, is fastened by the handle to the centre of the membrane of the drum—and by the head to one end of the anvil, another small bone of a pyramidical shape; which is united at the further end to a small bone called the round bone, (about the size of a grain of snipe shot). This again is united to the head of another bone called the stirrup, which has its base inserted into the membrane abovementioned, which closes the oval window.

This chain of bones, besides their power of transmitting, and, some say, of enlarging the vibrations, has also that of pressing on the oval window, so as to condense the fluid that is contained in the internal ear, and thus diminish when occasion requires the intensity of vibration in the round window, a membrane which divides the worm of the ear from the cavity of the drum.

To describe the progress of the vibrations more clearly, I will say there are two openings by which they can pass from the cavity of the drum into the internal ear. One is the oval window which looks into the vestibule, the other is the round window which looks into the worm. The worm and the vestibule afterwards communicate by another opening further in.

We now come to the internal ear, of which less is understood than of the other portions of the organ. The worm, however, is supposed, from its spiral form, and the well-known power which bodies of this shape possess in producing reverberation to exercise a strong influence upon the sounds which it receives. Both the worm and

the vestibule are filled with a thin fluid, which, being a better conductor of sound than air, is also calculated to transmit it with greater accuracy to the acoustic nerve, the ends of which are floating in the liquid.

To understand in the clearest manner all that is known or conjectured of the use of the internal ear, imagine the vestibule to be a large hall, and the worm a spiral gallery opening into it, on one side; while, on the other, are three other galleries* of a semicircular form, having their ends also opening into the vestibule. Imagine now, how loud the sounds must be in the centre of that hall, which receives them after they have been reverberated through all those galleries. How much greater, when we reflect that this hall and galleries are filled with liquid, which is known to be a much better conductor of sound than air.

Thus we have seen that the rays of sound, in passing from the vibrating object, fall in the first place upon the pavilion, or wing of the ear, by

* The semicircular canals.

which they are transferred to the outer auditory labyrinth; thence, by the membrane of the drum, through the cavity, and by the chain of small bones above described, to the round and oval windows, by which they are again thrown into the worm and vestibule, where they find the auditory nerve, which is supposed to convey the impression to the mind.

This constitutes all that is known of the phenomena of hearing. I speak not of those parts of the organ which are supposed to aid the sense, though the precise mode of their operation is not understood, as the mastoid cells, &c., which are disposed with such an appearance of design as to leave no doubt of their having some specific influence upon the vibrations of sound.

There are, moreover, in the ear, as in the eye, several circumstances of a protecting providence, which are deserving of your attention.

The orifices of the labyrinths, and other cavities of the ear, are protected by their position from the intrusion of dust, and other foreign particles, floating in the air, the contact of which with the mem-

brane of the drum would be productive of excessive pain, and perhaps of some inflammatory disease. But a still more efficient safeguard is found in the cerumen, or ear-wax, a yellow, oily fluid, which is secreted from the sides of the outer labyrinth, and which entangles and destroys those insects which are continually floating in the atmosphere. It is a property of this liquid to thicken on exposure to the air, which renders it the more effectual in producing this latter effect. Perhaps, also, its extreme bitterness may have some effect in preventing insects of a larger size from penetrating into the labyrinth, and wounding the ear. It has, moreover, the direct effect of keeping the sides of the labyrinth in that state of moistness which is necessary to their vibrating with due facility.

It was necessary that the cavity of the drum should be always filled with air of a certain temperature; because, if the latter varied, its influence on the transmission of sound must be likewise altered. The reason of this alteration is, that air in a condensed state vibrates with greater rapidity

than air in a state of rarefaction; condensation being, in fact, to air, what tightening is to the string of a violin.

To provide against any inconvenience of this kind, there is an orifice called the Eustachian tube, which leads from the throat to the cavity of the drum of the ear; and by which that cavity is constantly supplied with air. The blood-vessels which surround the part, preserve it in the necessary state of warmth, and consequent rarefaction, which is never increased or diminished in a perfect ear. It is by means of this tube that where the membrane of the drum is torn or destroyed, persons are enabled to emit smoke through the outer labyrinth.

I have now endeavoured to explain to you in terms as familiar as I could select, the mechanism of the instrument. In my next I will dwell a little on the objects and uses of the sense.

CHAPTER VI.

Uses of Hearing.

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Uses of Hearing.

None of the organs of sense, besides the eye, combines within itself the two faculties of perception and expression. In the latter faculty of indicating the passions of the soul, the eye stands alone and supreme above all the rest. It affords us a certain key to the character and feelings of those with whom we associate, and enables us to understand much that language itself could never communicate.

Were I therefore inclined to point out any particular intellectual province to which this sense is the chief minister, I would say that it is to the understanding what the eye is to the affections—its principal object being the acquisition of know-

ledge. This at least is the case in a state of society. A blind man may be educated without any difficulty, and may even attain the highest degree of fame and distinction in the walks of literature and science (as has been demonstrated in the instances of the philosopher Saunderson; the blind poet Blacklock, mentioned by Burke; and a celebrated traveller in our own times); but even with all the pains that have been taken in institutions established for the purpose, we have no parallel instances amongst those to whom nature has denied the faculty of hearing.

That infinite variety of sounds which exercises so lively an influence on our passions, and by means of which so much useful knowledge is imparted to the mind, depends for its existence upon this organ. It is even capable of supplying more sublime conceptions to the imagination than that of sight. What concentration of terrific spectacles can produce on the mind of a deaf man that feeling of intolerable excitement and anxiety which a blind man experiences when he hears for the first time the sounds of a thunder-storm gathering

above his head? Is not the idea of the trumpet which shall wake the dead, "when the mystery of God shall be finished," one of the most awful that is associated with our anticipations of that dreadfully glorious time?

In this sense, as in that of sight, we are struck by the diminutive size of the organ, when contrasted with the magnitude of the ideas which it can receive and impart. The atmosphere is agitated by a thunder-storm—the heavens are convulsed around us from one horizon to the other—all nature is terrified by the tremendous sounds—yet the whole is received on a membrane, the dimensions of which do not exceed those of a split pea.

By appealing through the medium of this sense to our mental passions, the poet is enabled to wield them at his pleasure. By this he acquires the power of raising or of soothing our thoughts, by the grandeur or the melody of his verse. By this he can fill our minds with a pleasing terror, when he sings of the awful changes of nature—or lull them into a delicious peace and admiration,

when he celebrates her gentler beauties. By this, he can startle us in our chambers with the roar of angry billows—the clattering of sudden thunders—the explosion of mines—the pealing of artillery—the crash of warring elements; or refresh our spirits amid the agitations of a worldly life, with the sounds of pastoral innocence and simplicity—the murmuring of summer streamlets—the whispering of summer winds—the singing of birds—and other peace-breathing sounds, which he recalls to our recollection, and even imitates in their effect upon our minds, by the varied harmony of his numbers.

The musician also, in a more especial manner, is indebted to this sense for the influence which he can exert over our nature. That dexterous arrangement and correspondence of sounds, which are capable, without being in any way addressed to our understanding, of exciting so many lively emotions within our minds, are entirely the offspring of this sense. And if it served no other, and no higher purpose than this alone, of furnishing mankind with so sweet a solace, amid the toils

and trials of the world, they would surely find ample cause for gratitude in the endowment. How many an aching heart has found relief—how many a weary mind has been enlivened—how many a rugged nature has been softened—how many a cruel purpose has been diverted and disarmed by the mediation of this enchanting art! On the field of war, when all things round are overcast with a hue of death and ruin; and when even reason, duty, and the love of country itself, are insufficient to prevent the spirits from sinking at sight of the terrible pomp of destruction that stalks around, the sound of the fife and drum is able to confirm the staggering soul, to arouse the drooping energies of the heart, and hurry them on to an intoxication of bravery and defiance, which all the persuasions of reason could never have produced. In the bosom of domestic life, how effectual is the moderate intervention of this science, in strengthening the bonds of social love, and in cheering the exertions of industry! The poor artisan, who is fed by the labour of his hands, forgets his toil while he unburthens his

heart in song; and the fond father, or brother, feel their affection sensibly increased, when the object of their care is charming the hours away with a melody of other times. In the temples of the living God, when the mind is distracted by the memory of earthly cares, or the assaults of indolence and tepidity, the choir, and the organ, are used to direct its attention, and to elevate its aspirations. Here, too, they are made to offer to the Supreme Being a faint echo of that homage which he receives, in its perfection, from the seraphim in Heaven. How precious, therefore, is this art, which is capable of soothing the unhappy, of refreshing the weary, of softening the hard of heart; of reanimating a drooping courage; of strengthening a social affection; of inspiring a lukewarm devotion, and of investing even labour itself with a multitude of pleasing and cheerful associations!

Nay, so direct and mystical is the influence which this science of sounds exerts upon our nature, that madness has yielded to the skill of the musician; and the vibration of a few chords has

been able to unhinge the majestic portals of reason herself. To express its power by that method of lively allegory in which they were so proficient, the ancients have represented the inanimate world obeying the harp of Orpheus, and moulding itself to his wishes.

This sense is likewise most efficient for our self-preservation. Scarce a day passes on which it does not warn you of some danger or annoyance, more or less important, which menaces you from without. The sense of insecurity which you will experience on voluntarily depriving yourself of its exercise for any portion of time, will furnish the most convincing argument of its utility.

It is capable of being excited to a still more exquisite feeling of pleasure than the sense of sight. This has been proved by the experiment of the deaf man, mentioned by Professor Percy, who obtained the faculty of hearing suddenly and at a mature age. The sensations which he experienced on hearing for the first time the notes of a musical instrument were so exquisite as almost to

approach a degree of delirium. I do not find that the same ecstacy of happiness was manifested by the celebrated youth who was restored to sight by Cheselden, although he does not appear to have been deficient either in intelligence or sensibility.

It is the foundation of language itself—the origin of that universal compact by which men have agreed to fix on certain sounds as the signs of their ideas, and by which each is enabled to communicate to the other his thoughts—his knowledge—and his affections, by a course so lucid and so direct. Oratory, that science so essential in the government of nations, and so useful in the promulgation of morality and religion, by the impressive combination which it presents of natural and artificial language, is also the offspring of this sense.

Suppose poetry, music, oratory, and language itself, to be at once lost to the world, and what a subtraction do we make from the sum of human happiness and intelligence! The most universal vehicle of knowledge at present employed in society

would be at once destroyed, and the foundation of the great mass of our social enjoyments taken away.

But in proportion as it is capable of administering to the improvement both of our morals and our happiness, it is likewise adapted for the destruction of the one and of the other. It was into the ear of Eve that the serpent first poured the poison of sin and death. It was under the pretext of knowledge that he tempted her—and that example has not taught men to view the pretext with greater suspicion. Mistake me not, my gentle friend, I am no advocate of ignorance and indolence, I only plead for a measured and rational caution in the acquirement of information.—"Learning is not to be blamed—nor the mere knowledge of any thing which is good in itself, and ordained by God; but a good conscience and a virtuous life is always to be preferred before it. When the day of judgment comes, we shall not be examined what we have read, but what we have done; nor how learnedly we have spoken, but

how religiously we have lived." *Imitation of Christ*, book i. chap. iii. Of this we shall say more when we come to illustrate the faculty of feeling.

Virtù, the offspring of this, as well as the foregoing sense, is unquestionably a source of pleasing recreation; but I cannot hold those persons blameless who suffer it to grow into a passion. Neither indeed is it easy to feel any considerable respect for such characters. Those, who from the impulse of mere vanity, and without intending any serious benefit to their fellow-creatures or themselves, fritter away their time in hunting after butterflies, fossils, shells, and unmeaning antiquities; who would forego an essential duty for the acquisition of a rusty intaglio, or battered medal; those, likewise, who called by their birth and station to the service of their country, disgrace the rank, and dissipate the wealth which she permits them to hold, by a life of pleasure and inutility; who, when they should labour to be thought worthy of a place in the

councils of the nation, look for fame and favour, only as the patrons of an artist or a public singer; and instead of shining as legislators, are contented to glimmer as dillettanti: such persons, though they should have the virtue to avoid the paths of more shameful and licentious guilt, would yet find it difficult to avoid the reproach of having defrauded the state, and made themselves objects of pity to good men, and of contempt and derision to the learned. It is the part of a child to make that his business which is the recreation of a man.

The safest rule to be adopted in this, as in all other transactions of life, is in the first instance, to fix your heart stedfastly in the love of God, and then to do all things for his sake and to his glory, whether it be toil or amusement. How tender, how sublime a motive! How much more noble than the slavish dread of punishment, useful and good as that may be in itself! I should hope for a higher reward for one cup of cold water bestowed for the love of God's goodness, than if I had given

away millions from a dread of his power. And, rely upon it, that great and amiable Being does not forget the slightest action that is performed, the slightest word that is spoken from such a motive. Even though the action should be nothing, the motive will be all in all sufficient. The simple question, "Am I pleasing God at this moment? Is it to the glory of God that I should do this?" will on all occasions be a sufficient safeguard to a heart that loves him with a true and rational affection, and is resolved to prove its love by an observance of his law, and an imitation of his own perfections. Conscience, that never failing monitor, will supply a ready and a faithful answer.

In a word, my dear Cyriac, turn not the gift of the Creator against himself. Open not that ear, through which the name of God and the story of his mercies first descended into your infant heart, to the suggestions of vice and indolence. Should you at any time be tempted to abuse the gift, let your memory dwell for a moment on what you

have here learned of the fine skill and the paternal care evinced in the construction of the organ, and then pause before you resolve to misapply it.

"Take heed—take heed—for Heaven's sake!
But if ye fail, remember that I warn'd ye."

CHAPTER VII.

The Day of Trial.

A TALE.

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The Day of Trial.

Long study, and the most laborious application, were necessary to obtain those honours by which men of learning and genius were distinguished in the ancient Irish colleges. These honours entitled the successful candidates to take precedence of the warriors and nobles of the day, and to occupy a place which was second only to royalty itself.

In the rank of the Ollamhs, which was the highest degree conferred on the cultivators of the lighter muse, in those ancient academies, was the venerable and highly gifted Madaghan, the Ard-filea, or chief poet and chronicler to the arch-king of Erin. His duty was to furnish the rhymes

or metrical histories of the day; to compose those martial odes which were set to music and sung by the crotaries or harpers at the public feasts; to retain in his memory no less than three hundred and fifty stories of past times, for the amusement and instruction of the people, and, in quality of bard, which he added to his other accomplishments, to execute with a ready finger the most intricate pieces of music. For these services he was usually rewarded, according to the custom of the time, with twenty milch kine, besides enjoying the privilege of free entertainment for a month after, and the attendance of four and twenty servants. Merry were the companies which Madaghan enlivened with his presence, and long were his narratives remembered by the hearers, for no one understood so well the art of conveying solid instruction under the guise of mirth, and intermingling his most fanciful incidents with maxims of practical wisdom.

But although he often enlivened the hearts of others, his own was not without its cares. His only child, a son, who he hoped should inherit his

talents and his fortune, proved to be deaf and dumb, and there remained no hope of his advancement in life. The father had seen all his relatives descend into the tomb before him, and felt his own life wasting rapidly away, without any prospect of leaving his son established in comfort behind him. His affliction at this circumstance was the keener, as the boy was beautiful, affectionate, and intelligent, beyond many of those who were rising fast in the esteem and favour of the public. The poor old Ollamh, who loved his son with all the tenderness of a father, sighed as he accorded to the children of his friends and neighbours those honours which his own boy could never hope to accomplish. It was not that the old man's heart was capable of so foul a passion as envy, but it was natural that, with the most benevolent feelings, the sight of filial merit and paternal happiness should remind him, by the contrast, of his own affliction. He was often visited by those remembrances of grief, for the consciousness of his own disappointment made him careful of inflicting a similar pain upon the hearts of other

parents, by showing any needless rigour in his examination of the young candidates that came before him. His heart sunk and grew heavy under the weight of its own feelings, and he who knew so well how to sooth and even to banish the sorrow of another, was often in want of a comforter for his own.

The younger Madaghan shewed that the deficiency in his senses did not extend to his intellect or to his heart. His eyes were ever fixed upon his parent. The slightest action of the old man's hand, or motion of his frame, was for him a swifter indication of his wishes than language would have been to another. He brought him his clarsech* when he saw the clouds gathering upon his brow, although he knew not why it was that running his fingers along the chords of the instrument should inspire joy and life into the heart of his father, as well as of the listeners. Neither could he understand the cause of the old harper's grief, but he did all that lay in his power to ascertain

* Harp.

and remove it. His efforts however could only aggravate the evil they were intended to counteract; and it was with pain and surprise he perceived, that the more he exerted himself to withdraw the arrow, the deeper did he infix it in the heart of the old man.

One evening when the aged Ollamh was striking a mournful air upon his instrument, while the sun was sinking in the west and flinging across their shieling door the shadow of an adjacent round tower, his son approached and bent his eyes upon his face with an expression of deep interest and anxiety. The earnestness of his look brought back some sorrowful recollections to the harper, who, letting his hand fall idly on his knee, endeavoured to trace in the blooming features of the youth, the semblance of his long-lost mother. Tear following tear flowed down the old man's cheek as he thought of the happiness of other times, until at length he pushed the clarsech aside with a feeling of heart-sickness, and sunk back on his tripod, overwhelmed at once by his recollections and his forebodings.

The young man started forward and flung his arms wide as if to solicit some explanation of this burst of sorrow. He pressed his hand forcibly upon his heart to express what was passing within. He uttered some passionate and inarticulate murmurs—threw himself at the feet of his parent—embraced his knees, and again looked up eagerly and inquiringly in his eyes. The Ollamh smiled through his grief at those demonstrations of affection, and laid his hand kindly on the curling ringlets of the youth, while he shook his head at the same time to express the hopelessness of his condition. The youth started to his feet and pointed to the four quarters of the world, intimating by the liveliest gestures, his readiness to undertake any toil or journey, that could restore happiness to his parent. Again the latter shook his grey hairs in silence and pointed up to heaven. The youth understood his meaning, and bending down with a feeling of deep though silent reverence, burst into tears, and rushed into the adjoining wood.

His knowledge of religion was distinct, and his

feeling deep. He reflected on the mute answer of his parent, and resolved to follow up the intimation, by addressing himself for information and assistance to the Great Author of existence himself. The round tower before mentioned was attached to a church, in which were heard at this moment (but not by the unfortunate youth,) the voices of the monks who chaunted the evening service of their religion, accompanied by their small and sweet-toned cruits—a stringed instrument then in use. He entered the chapel, and proceeded with his hands crossed, and his head declining on his bosom, to the foot of the altar. He had no words to express his wishes, but the thoughts and aspirations of his heart flew to the throne of mercy with a fervour far excelling that of many, who, being gifted with the faculty of speech, use it in prayer, rather as a substitute than a vehicle for the feelings of the soul. He prayed long and ardently; with veneration, with faith, with confidence and with resignation—for the soul of man when once taught to know and to love its God, needs no human instructions to

teach it how to address and adore him. Perhaps the dumb boy's heart was better fitted to hear and understand the silent voice of heaven speaking within it, that his ears had never been opened to the sinful sounds of earth.

I will not presume to represent in language, that prayer which flew to the bosom of the Creator without the aid of words. Enough is said when I mention, that, pure and disinterested in its object, it was heard and granted.

The youth was yet on his knees—yet agitated by one of those divine consolations that make the "tears of devotion sweeter than the joys of theatres," when he was seized with a sudden pain in his ears, followed by the discharge of a thin liquid that seemed to burst within his throat. Immediately after, a multitude of new and wonderful sensations broke at once upon his spirit. How shall I give you any idea of their nature? Imagine yourself to stand in the centre of a spacious hall, which is filled with machinery in rapid motion; sending forth sounds of various kinds, stunning the ear with the clash of cymbals, the rolling of

drums, the pealing of artillery, the crash of falling towers and the warbling of wild instruments, all mingling together in an overwhelming chaos of sound, and you may conceive something of the sensations which bewildered the affrighted youth. After some moments however, this confusion of noises abated, and his sense acquired the power of distinguishing the natural sounds by which it was effected. He tossed his arms into the air, and remained for a moment fixed in an attitude of ecstacy and astonishment. He seemed as if he had been suddenly hurried into a new state of existence. The sound of his own breath as he panted in the agitation of his spirit—the tinkling of the small silver bell that was rung at one of the closes in the service—the solemn voices of the choristers, with the murmuring of the sweet-stringed instruments—the sound of his own feet upon the tessellated pavement—the whispering of the wind among the boughs that shaded the open window—all filled him with wonder, ecstacy, and gratitude. His cheeks glowed, his eyes filled with fire, his brow was covered with perspiration,

his heart swelled within his bosom as if it would have burst with the strength and intensity of its emotions, until at length, oppressed almost to fainting with the intoxicating happiness that this new faculty afforded him, he flung himself at full length upon the ground, and found relief in a passion of tears and thanksgiving.

Neither was he ignorant of the great importance of the benefit which he had thus received. He perfectly understood that he had now acquired that great power, the want of which had hitherto kept him so far beneath the level of his companions, and shut him out from the walks of science and of learning. He felt his soul expand within him as he thought of the happiness which the knowledge of this great blessing would confer upon his aged father—and here a new idea started into his mind.

To complete the joy of the latter, he thought it would be better to defer the communication of this rapturous intelligence until he had ascertained the capabilities of the sense, and acquired some portion of the information which it was able to

impart. The idea no sooner presented itself to his understanding than he resolved to embrace it. He returned home full of this exciting determination, and lingering long upon his pathway through the wood, in order to hear the song of the evening birds—the cooing of the wild pigeons —the twittering of the wren—the rippling of the small stream—and all the other sounds that broke so sweetly upon the stillness of the evening air.

The sound of his father's harp, as he reached the shieling door, furnished him with a new occasion for delight and astonishment. He paused, and gazed, with open eyes and lips apart, upon the minstrel, while the aged fingers of the latter ran rapidly along the chords—

> ———"With many a winding bout
> Of linked sweetness long drawn out."

The air was of a mournful mode, and young Madaghan wondered at the delicious sorrow which it diffused throughout his frame. Fearful, however, of betraying himself by his emotions, he

passed his parent, and entered the house with a hurried and agitated step.

His passions and his genius, keen and active as they naturally were, became still more acute and susceptible under the influence of this new excitement. Joy, fear, sorrow—all the internal feelings of his nature were called out into more active exercise by the stimulus which this exquisite sense continually supplied. Knowledge, which hitherto he had only received in filtered drops, now rushed like a torrent upon his soul; he felt as if the earth were too narrow to contain the bigness of his spirit. He was overpowered with the greatness of his own nature, and resolved that no single moment should be lost in converting to its most perfect uses the new talent with which the Almighty had entrusted him.

In a few months he found himself fully capable of imitating all the sounds which he heard in society, and by which he perceived that men communicated their thoughts to one another. His quickness of observation and retentive memory,

had rendered him master of the uses and signification of the terms which he heard, and he practised in the recesses of the wood, far away from the ears of men, those modulations and inflexions of the voice which had charmed him most in the conversation of others.

He now felt the necessity of entrusting a second person with his secret; a person possessing both the power and the inclination to assist him in his design. He selected for this purpose no less an individual than the Prior of the little monastery where he had received his hearing—a man who was perfectly well acquainted with the Ardfilea, and possessed the esteem and love of all who were acquainted with him. It was not, however, that the pious ecclesiastic sought to be esteemed by them for the sake of enjoying their applause. Ambition of that nature is almost sure to disappoint itself.

The Prior was in his oratory, when young Madaghan presented himself at the gate of the convent, and made signs to be admitted. The lay brother instantly complied, for the mean and

truckling subterfuge of modern etiquette was in those days either unknown or despised. The young man passed into the presence of the Prior, who received him with gentleness and favour. He had long observed the piety and filial affection of the poor deaf youth, and felt much interested in his fortunes, as well as in the afflictions of the father. But nothing could exceed his astonishment when the young man trembling and almost weeping with emotion, addressed him in a distinct and articulate voice, and told him the story of the last few months.

"I wish," he continued, after he had left no incident of his narrative unrelated, "I wish to keep this circumstance a secret from my father, until I have made some considerable progress in the studies which become my age, in order that his surprise and delight may be the greater. I came to the resolution of applying to you for assistance, as I was sure from the kindness you always showed to my father and myself, that you would readily procure me the opportunities of instruction which were necessary."

He was not deceived in his estimation of the good ecclesiastic's character. The latter entered with heartfelt pleasure and alacrity into his harmless project. The resolution and self-denial of the young man filled him with admiration, and he resolved to take the task of his instruction into his own hands. Months passed away, and the secret of the youth remained between his benevolent instructor and himself. His education was consummate in those particular walks of science which constituted the profession of his father; and he made no inconsiderable progress in those departments of general knowledge which were adapted to form and extend his mind, so as to render it the more capable of excellence in any particular avocation.

A day of awful interest to all the students in Meath now approached. It was the day of public competition amongst them for the lofty post of Ard-filea to the King, which the aged Madaghan, finding its duties become too arduous for his declining health, resolved to resign in favour of the most deserving.

On the evening before the public examination the Ard-filea felt an unusual heaviness press upon his spirits. The souls of worldly men, who have grown old in any particular vocation, are frequently so helpless in themselves, and so dependent upon worldly employments for mental occupation, that it seems to them like relinquishing life itself, to abdicate any long-accustomed and influential office; and this even when the infirmities of old age have incapacitated them for effectually discharging its duties. Such, however, was not the cause of the Ollamh's sorrow. He had long before learned the true object of his existence on earth, and wished, as his frame grew feeble and wasted slowly to decay, that he might, by placing his heavier cares on younger and stronger shoulders, obtain more leisure for the contemplation of that divinity into whose presence he must soon be introduced.

But his fears for the welfare of his unhappy son were not diminished, as he felt the time approach of their final separation. He had observed, with increasing concern, that the character and

demeanour of the young man had of late been altered. His lively and intelligent art of gesticulation seemed to have abandoned him, and in proportion as he acquired the language of society, he seemed to have lost that of nature. His cheek was pale and wasted from the closeness and intensity of his application, and the old man thought the hand of disease was on him. His eye had lost its accustomed quickness and restlessness, and became meditative and solemn in its expression. The change perplexed his parent, who thought he saw in what was in reality the effect of an improved understanding, the symptoms of its decay.

The young man's anxiety, likewise, became almost ungovernable on this evening; his spirits were hurried to and fro like a sea that is tossed by sudden tempests. Sometimes the anticipation of success, and of its consequences, excited him to a degree of almost painful ecstacy, and he was borne along upon the wings of triumph and exultation, until his head grew dizzy and his heart drunk with the fulness of its imagined rapture. Sometimes, a dark tide of fears would come rushing down

upon his heart, and bodements of the ruin, failure, and disgrace that might attend him on the morrow, would shake his soul with terror. He used his utmost exertions to conquer those unreasonable emotions, and to cast all his cares upon the will of Providence, but it was an hour of severe trial for the fortitude of his character.

The father, occupied by his own feelings, did not observe the agitation of his son. When the latter, as usual, brought him his clarsech, after their evening meal, he motioned him to remove it again, and intimated by a gesture that his present sorrow was one which music could not allay.

The young man looked wistfully upon him. As the Ollamh caught his eye, he held out his hand with an affectionate smile, and drew him to his side.

"My poor boy," said he, unconscious that his words were understood, "to-morrow will be a bitter day for your father. When my little Melcha first placed you in my arms, a beautiful and healthy child, I thought that I should one day see you capable of inheriting the fortunes and the

duties of your father; and I scarcely mourned over her early tomb, when I looked upon your face and thought of the future. But Heaven (that blesses with calamity, as well as with good fortune) soon struck me for my vain ambition. The day is come, to which I looked forth so proudly; and you, my son, must stand idly by, while the child of a stranger shall wear the gold ring, and strike the clarsech of your father. And yet, it is not even for this I am troubled; but, my poor forlorn boy, my limbs are growing old and feeble, and the lamp of life is flickering in its socket within me. When it shall be extinguished, I tremble to think of the darkness which shall envelope your fortunes!"

Never did the preservation of the young man's secret appear to him a task of greater difficulty than at this moment. All his magnanimity seemed insufficient to restrain the burning desire which he felt of flinging himself at his father's feet, and declaring the whole truth. His lips seemed almost trembling with the words of confession. He longed to embrace the old man's neck, and to ex-

claim, " your hopes, my dear father, shall not be blasted; my ears are not deaf—my lips are not dumb!—Be comforted! your son shall yet inherit your honours. The gold ring and the clarsech shall not pass to the hand of a stranger. I am not the destitute being you suppose. The Almighty has heard my prayers, and made me capable of fulfilling that station in society, for which your fondness first designed me."

Repressing, however, by a violent effort of self-restraint, the impulse of his filial affection, he threw his birrede or cap on his head, drew his saga around his shoulders, and hurried forth to find consolation and assistance in the advice of his preceptor.

The good ecclesiastic warned him against the indulgence of an anxiety, which had in it a mixture of worldly solicitude and impetuosity. He pointed out to him the distinction between that solicitude to obtain success, which is always a culpable and human feeling, and that care to deserve it, which is a paramount virtue. The first, he said, was sure to obstruct—the second sel-

dom failed in promoting the progress of the aspirant.

"For yourself, my young friend," he continued, "I may inform you that your success on to-morrow is morally certain. I am acquainted with the qualifications of all your competitors, and I know that the most excellent must fall far short of you in skill and acquirement. When I tell you therefore that this occasion has not left me free from anxiety on your account, you must know that it is not with fears of your failure and disappointment that my mind is burthened. I look further than to-morrow for the dangers which are likely to assail you. Your genius and the depth and intensity of your character, lead me to tremble for your moral welfare, when the restraint of discipline shall be removed, and you shall be entrusted to your own guidance upon the world of public life. I tremble the more, because I know it to be a general delusion of youthful genius to suppose, that it is not subject to those laws which govern the moral conduct of less gifted minds, and that it possesses a charter for self-legislation in

its birthright. I tremble the more, because, all solitary as my life has been for many years, I know that world on which you are about to enter. When the tyrant Thorgils laid waste the country and pillaged the monasteries, I was one of those who escaped with life from the burning ruins of Beanchoir. The storms which shook me out of my peaceful solitude, compelled me to see more of men and of the world, than I had ever expected to behold. The lives of those whom I saw astonished me, accustomed as I was in my retirement to serious reflection. I saw many rush forward upon the theatre of life as if not merely ignorant, but totally and wilfully careless of the changes that were to follow the passing of the scene. Some, if they thought at all, seemed to suppose themselves only created for the purpose of enjoying the pleasures which the world afforded them, spun a few giddy rounds upon its surface, and sunk with a reeling head and sickened heart into its bosom. Some, scorning the levity which marked the conduct of those idlers, applied themselves to laborious toil and exertion, obtained the ends of their

industry and sunk no less dissatisfied and disappointed into the grave. Some too, as if profiting by the example of those who had gone before them, toiled neither for profit nor for pleasure, but contented themselves with the sensual indulgences that lay immediately within their grasp, crawled like worms along the surface of the earth, and then shrunk beneath the sod, unthought of and unlamented. A few souls, gifted with nobler energies, and feeling within themselves the void which told them they were made for nobler modes of enjoyment than any which they beheld around them, marked out a loftier path for their direction. They devoted their days to the pursuit of knowledge; and knowledge shone in upon their souls like sunshine. But there they rested. The light they found was more blinding to their souls than the darkness they had left. They leaped a brook and they fancied they could leap an ocean. They looked only to the clear, open course that lay before them; they remembered not that its length

was infinite, and death struck them before they had finished a single stage. Foolish men! I thought, as I beheld their ruin, you have taken a long way, to a place that lay close beside you. The peasant—the dull but virtuous boor, whose ignorance filled you with scorn, shall now discover, before you, all that you sought to learn; he shall hear the mysteries of the great creation, from the Creator himself, while you are doomed to dwell in endless ignorance; he shall unravel all the wonders of the universe, while you shall still remain perplexed with partial theories and enigmatical explanations; the illimitable system shall be to him a paradise of light, while you shall dwell for ever in the hell of exterior darkness. Happy is the man, who pursues knowledge with a pure heart and simple intention, discovering at every step, new causes for divine love, and for increased humility; applying all the information he acquires, to the good of his fellow creatures, and to the perfection of his own virtues. O Science! how frivolous are the efforts of thy

votaries, when they mistake thy uses, and miscalculate thy power! O Virtue, how ignorant is Science when compared to thee!

"I saw and thought these things," the Monk continued, "and I contrasted, with what I beheld, my own humble, but certain hope in the promises on which our faith is founded. I know and feel, that it is only in the fulfilment of that promise my soul can ever find content. I never looked on a sight of beauty or of interest with which my eye was so perfectly satisfied, that it could desire to see nothing more beautiful, and nothing more interesting. Our bards play well, and the voice of friendship is sweet to the ear; yet I have never heard, since life first filled my nerves, sounds which fully satisfied my sense of hearing. I have risen from a sick bed, and inhaled the perfume of the spring; but even then, in the ecstacy of recovered life and health, I could not say that my senses were perfectly satisfied with the enjoyment that was afforded them, nor can they be satisfied at any time in this world. It is so with one—it is so with all. That is a true word, young man,

which says that the eye is not filled with seeing, nor the ear with hearing. For this I mourn and sigh—for this I fast and pray—for this I hunger and thirst, and watch—for this promise, which is as certain of accomplishment to those who truly look for it, as that the sun which set to-night, shall rise to-morrow—the promise that the lover and practiser of virtue, shall inherit a lovelier and more lasting world, where the eye shall be filled with a certain light, and the ear with a certain sound, and all the senses and all the affections of the soul with a happiness that shall leave them no further desire nor capability of enjoyment."

The morning dawned at length, and young Madaghan, accompanied by the Prior, repaired to the place of meeting, where the Arch-king and his court were already assembled to decide upon the merits of the competitors. The principal trial of strength was an eulogium pronounced in verse upon the present holder of the office; but there were many prior contests in music and literature, in which it was necessary for the successful candidate to prove his excellence.

The Ard-filea proceeded to the place in his robes of state, the truis of various colours, the long white cotaigh that flowed over his person, the birrede that covered his head, the gold ring that glittered on his finger, and the clarsech that hung suspended from his neck, comprizing within his costume the six colours, which only the royal and the learned were privileged to wear. He took his place in a small recess, apart from the assembly, where he waited the issue of the proceedings without seeing or being seen by the candidates. This arrangement was adopted from an obvious feeling of decorum, as Madaghan could not, without embarrassment, be present at his own panegyric.

The scene which the hall of assembly presented was one well calculated to abash the spirits and depress the hopes of the young aspirants. The Arch-king sat in front, in his regal insignia, while, at various distances around him, were placed the dignitaries of the court and camp, the chieftains of townships, and the knights of the various national orders in all their splendid varieties of costume and

ornament. A multitude of inferior courtiers filled up the spaces all around, while an open place in the midst was reserved for the candidates.

Several persons ran, from time to time, to the recess of the Ard-filea, to inform him of the progress of the contest. He heard their intelligence without much interest or emotion.

"The contest of the clarsech is decided!" cried one, running eagerly to the old man; "did you not hear the acclamations that burst from the people? The victory was awarded to a fair young man, of whose name all persons except your friend, the Prior, appear to be ignorant. His skill is astonishing! The melody flows from his instrument as if it were touched by the winds alone—so nimbly do his fingers move. No string ceases to tremble from the moment he takes the harp in hand, until he has laid it aside."

"I rejoice," said the Ard-filea, mournfully, "that the King shall not want an efficient minstrel. Hark! there is a second burst of acclamations. Who is the victor now?"

He was answered by the same person who came

running to him with greater eagerness than before.

"They have decided the second contest. The victory in reciting the Eye of the Battle has been obtained."

"By my old pupil, Eagna?" asked the old man.

"No. Eagna's composition attracted general admiration, but he was excelled by another—the same youth who obtained the prize in music. Never was there a finer genius. He rushed into his subject like a warrior armed for combat, bearing down before him all criticism—all thought of cavil or objection. His eye kindled, his cheek became inflamed, his form enlarged, his voice rang like the clang of a trumpet. His images started up one after the other, shining, exact and noble. The sounds of war found echoes in his numbers—the picture of the battle came before our eyes as he sung, until the knights laid their weapons bare—the standards shook in the hands of the galloglachs—the tioseachs * sprung to their

* Military chiefs.

feet, as if to head an assault; while the war-cry of 'Farrah!' trembled on their lips, and the good king Aodh himself shook his sceptre as if it had been a javelin."

"It is singular his name should be unknown," said the Ard-filea, more interested than before; "I am sorry for poor Eagna's disappointment, but the genius of this youth has touched me. Ah! my poor dumb boy! I have seen a fire in your eye that spoke of a burning spirit within, could it but find a voice for utterance."

The last trial—the eulogy of the aged Madaghan was now proceeding. Again the roof trembled with the acclamations of the multitude, and again the old man's informant was by his side.

"It is completed!" he exclaimed, "the election has fallen on the young man. You may well be proud of such an eulogist. So modest an appeal, so rational, so feeling, was never before pronounced. His hearers were moved even to tears, and yet so simple was his language, that they attributed all to your merit, and nothing to the eloquence of your panegyrist."

At the same moment the crowd separated, and

the old Prior advanced, leading the successful candidate by the hand. His head hung down upon his bosom, and his hand trembled while he did homage to the superior rank of the Ard-filea, by laying aside his girdle, and removing the green birrede from his head. Tears obscured the eyes of Madaghan while he placed the gold ring on the slender finger of the boy, and prepared to loosen the string by which the clarsech was suspended round his neck.

"My sweet-toned harp," he said, "after long and fond attachment we must be separated, but it is some consolation to know that I do not commit you to unworthy hands. Lift up your head, young man, and let me see the face of him who is to be my successor."

The victorious candidate remained on his knee, with his head still lowered, while his frame was shaken with sobs, and his tears washed the old man's feet.

"Rise!" said the latter, with dignity. "Tears become a child of song; but not when they flow like those of a maiden. Arise, and—Ha!—What? My child! Impossible! My boy?—

Give me your hands, my friends! Prior, your hand!—This is some cheat—some mockery! Was this well? My poor dumb boy, who made you a party against your aged father?"

Confusion and sudden anger made the sensitive old man tremble exceedingly, while he clung for support to his friends, unable to conceive the meaning of what he beheld. His perplexity, though not his wonder, ceased however when the youth extended his arms quietly, and said, with a delighted smile:—

"Father, rejoice! It is your own fond child that speaks to you. Heaven, long since, in pity to my prayer, restored my hearing, and I kept the blessing secret only for the purpose of enjoying the happiness of such a day as this. The day is come, and my joy is now complete."

The Ard-filea threw himself with a broken cry of joy upon the neck of his son. He gave utterance to the feelings of his heart in exclamations of rapture and repeated caresses, while the spectators pressed around with brimming eyes, to share in the gratulations of the happy relatives.

"It is enough!" the old man exclaimed, look-

ing to heaven with an eye that glistened with delight and gratitude. "I am contented for this earth. This, O Almighty Being! was more than I desired, more than I deserved. Let those who have not experienced thy benefits, if any such there be, presume to be dissatisfied—we, at least, have no room within our hearts for any thing but wonder, and praise, and love. Accept that love! accept that gratitude, my Maker and Benefactor! I prayed to thee, and thou hast heard me! Thou hast given peace to the old man's heart—thou hast dried the old man's tears—thou hast hushed his sighs—thou wilt suffer him to lay his white hairs in quiet hope within the grave. Thou hast blest me! My soul within me thanks and adores thy goodness!"

When he had spoken, he suffered his hand to fall over the shoulder of the youth, while the evening sun shone calm upon the group, and a silence, tender and profound, stole over the assembled multitude.

CHAPTER VIII.

Feeling.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mechanism and Uses of Feeling.

I HAVE but little to communicate to you on the mechanism of the remaining three senses; for, though the apparatus of each be simple, yet the mode of operation is inconceivable in all, and I deem it unnecessary to fill your mind with conjectures, which, though they may amuse, can add nothing to your real knowledge. The day of scientific romance is past, and the most ingenious guess is now considered not worth the paper which it covers.

Let us proceed to examine what is known of feeling, or touch, which has been esteemed by many philosophers to be the most excellent of all the senses. It differs from all the rest, inasmuch as it is diffused nearly all

over the frame, and exists, in an especial manner, in the hands. The reason that the hand has been looked on and used as the principal organ of this sense is, that the skin in that part is thin, smooth, and flexible, continually moistened with perspiration, and softened by an abundant supply of that oily secretion, which is exuded from the pores all over the body. It is, besides, better fitted by its form, for examining the surfaces of bodies than any other part of the frame.

All that we know of the mechanism of feeling is this—that when a body is placed in contact with the skin, in a healthy state, the sense is enabled to exercise its functions, and to ascertain the hardness or softness, the form, the size, the elasticity, the smoothness or roughness, sharpness or bluntness, heat or cold, vibration, and motion of the body which is felt. How this impression is produced upon the sense remains a mystery.

This sense, when passive, is the most voluptuous, and, when active, the most purely intellectual of all the senses. It is, in an especial manner, the sense of the judgment. Compared

with the other senses, the additions which it contributes to our happiness are rather solid than perceptible or striking; for it seldom suggests to us any degree of continued enjoyment, more exciting than that of preserving itself from annoyance. That degree of happiness which we term comfort, is chiefly used with reference to this sense. Its connexion, however, with the internal sensations, which are all modifications of feeling, places it far beyond all the other senses, in the importance and variety of its functions. This subject, however, of internal feeling, is one of so lively an interest, and so considerable an extent, that it is my intention to make it the subject of a future series of letters, and illustrative tales, which I hope you will find more worthy of your attention than these.

For the present, I consider the sense only so far as its external relations are concerned. The assistance which it affords us in the acquisition of knowledge is prodigious. It is the sense which is most frequently used to correct or to corroborate the evidence of the two before mentioned.

The ideas which it furnishes to the mind are not only more numerous, but the soul relies on their accuracy with greater certainty than on that of any other. Thus, for instance, sight can inform us, by a glance, what are the colour, size, form, position, motion, and distance of a body. All these, with the exception of the first mentioned, can be imparted, in a much more perfect degree, by the sense of feeling, and it adds to them the intelligence of the consistence and temperature of the object. There is no other sense which is capable of receiving so fine an impression as this. Its delicacy of perception is so exquisite in several persons as to bear some resemblance to a kind of spiritual intelligence. In walking through an apartment in the dark, you will frequently be made aware of the proximity of some object, such as a piece of furniture, or a door, by an indescribable sensation, which induces you to extend your hand, exactly in time to save yourself from an injurious contact. This feeling it is which is supposed to guide and preserve somnambulists, in situations where a waking person

would find a difficulty in keeping his nerves unaffected. It is by this exquisite fineness of feeling that bats are supposed to direct their course in the dark; and I should not think it the most fantastic theory that science has put forward, to conjecture, that what is termed instinct, in animals, is nothing more than a modification of this sense.

I should fill an inconvenient space in this chapter, if I were to detail the numberless cases which have been put forward of persons, who, by the exercise of this sense alone, have been enabled to read, to ascertain the presence of a stranger in the same apartment, and even to distinguish their action—as the old blind woman, in the Bride of Lammermoor, observes the embarrassment of the Lord Keeper. The professors of animal magnetism, grounding on these facts a curious chain of speculations, were induced to put forward the theory of a sixth sense; which, however, being unsupported by reason, has shared the fate of the phrenology, and other undigested systems. The author of Virginius has attributed what may be

considered, perhaps, an overstrained exertion of this singular faculty, to the wretched Icilius——

——"It is the tyrant!
I *felt* that he was present, ere I saw him."

And the people of Ireland have, in their idiom, an expression which seems to be suggested by the experience of this sensation. "I *felt* you coming in"—"I *felt* him stealing away," are very usual phrases.

Every body, it is said, has an atmosphere of its own around it. Either by causing an alteration of temperature, or diffusing a certain quantity of odoriferous particles, or by their various powers in the absorption and reflexion of light, which is also proved to be a substance, they produce a change which, without supposing any supernatural exertion, may be distinctly perceptible by the feeling. If, as Haller asserts, the two-thousand-millionth part of a grain of camphor be capable of making an impression on the smell, it is not, surely, too much to conjecture that the feel-

ing, an infinitely finer sense, should be able to recognize the presence of a profusion of those particles.

Those sciences which have nothing conjectural in the principles on which they are founded, but are constructed on the most pure and unmingled deductions of the understanding, have a more intimate alliance with this sense than with any other. There is no principle in mathematics, in geometry, in trigonometry, or even in the science of optics itself, that is not perfectly within the reach of its unassisted perception.

When we wish to ascertain with a positive certainty the reality of any appearance which presents itself to the other senses we call in the aid of this. When a friend, for example, is restored to our society in an unexpected manner, like the unbelieving Thomas, we are not satisfied till we have joined the evidence of this sense to that of the others, and thus assured ourselves of the reality of our good fortune. In most countries, from, I will suppose, the unconscious operation of some principle of this nature, the joining of hands is made

a form of salutation between friends who enjoy a certain degree of intimacy. It is the great witness of truth—it makes the world no dream.

When we wish to make it understood that we entertain a perfect conviction of any truth, we say, after seeking an emphatic mode of expressing ourselves—"we *feel* that it is so."

That excessive love of ease which unfits us for the fulfilment of our duties on earth, and leaves us in a state of existence little superior to that of the vegetable creation itself, may be considered as an abuse of this sense. There are some persons so completely enslaved by it as to be incapable of suffering the slightest annoyance with any degree of fortitude.

There are more descriptions of this vice of indolence among men than are usually associated with the sound of that word. There is an indolence which consists in doing nothing; and there is an indolence scarcely less reprehensible, which consists in doing a great deal with haste and carelessness. The hard-working idler who, engaged from motives purely selfish and worldly, in what

Clarendon terms the "sabbathless pursuit" of fame or fortune, whose days and nights are spent in a restless and feverish anxiety to obtain success, but who bestows little pains on the endeavour he makes to deserve it; who supposes that doing much is doing well; such a person has only a show and pageant of industry, and is in reality an indolent man. Industry consists in the employing every moment of time in the best possible manner to accomplish the ends of our being, and in performing every action we undertake with a calm and deliberate prudence which shall leave no spots or blemishes in the work.

But in reality the more perceptible and flagrant indolence above alluded to is a vice which there is little occasion to censure. The total absence of exertion is a rare offence in a commercial country. It is against its misapplication that the censures of the moralist should be directed. And yet although utter indolence be a rare vice in comparison with others, there are few that have been more severely animadverted on. Men are so watchful over their own interests, and so forward

to reprobate any failings by which the temporal framework of society is injuriously affected, that the infidel is a less unpopular character than the sluggard.

If contempt were not an unchristian feeling that should be checked on every occasion as soon as it arises within the mind, I know one character at least by which it might be excited in a very forcible degree. It is that of the voluptuous man, who, in the vigour of his health and manhood, caters for his comfort like a convalescent—a helpless creature, who is afraid to burthen with the weight of his own frame a set of muscles capable of upholding a burthen that would strain the back of a young horse. He shrinks like a blasted nabob from the slightest breath that agitates the perfumed atmosphere of his apartment, and stuns your ears with accounts of draughts from the windows and from the doors, together with expedients for their modification, until you fancy you are speaking with a poor terrified Italian of the malaria. He makes a greater preparation for shaving his beard in the morning than a sensible man would use be-

fore the amputation of a limb, and considers the keenest edge no finer than a handsaw. He enquires of his man, ere he descends, what way the wind blows, and takes his seat on the lee side of the screen, lest he should be blown away by one of those awful parlour hurricanes while he is eating his potted shrimps and chocolate. To excess, indeed, of all kinds he is a stranger; but the love of virtue is not the safeguard which protects him. He is thoroughly sensual; but the labour of an intense enjoyment is the Rubicon which he will not pass. He creeps, and shrinks, and shivers himself into a premature old age; and is at length moulted out of the world by dyspepsy and hypochondriasm.

Such was for some time, the character of the talented young nobleman whose adventures shall form the subject of my next chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

The Voluptuary Cured.

A TALE.

CHAPTER IX.

The Voluptuary Cured.

We hang thieves, but I think a nobleman of pleasure would deserve hanging better. The poor pilferer in a dwelling house may be in a state of starvation at the time when he lays a trembling finger on a silver waiter; but the nobleman plunders at his ease, against his own interest, and that of his country. She has permitted him to hold a quantity of wealth, sufficient to enable him to spend his life in the study of her laws and government—to travel through other lands, and render himself master of all that is worthy of imitation in their customs and institutions. She has, moreover, invested him with a rank and title that shall confer dignity on all his proceedings, and assist

him in filling, with the due effect, his place in the legislature, while they enable him to exercise that influence on the minds of the people, which is necessary to keep them in awe of justice. Conceive, therefore, what the honesty is of a man, who, born to the inheritance of those honours, and those duties, neglects the one, and compromises the other, by a life of indolence and inaction. Yet such, and worse than such is, I believe, the life of a large portion of the aristocracy. All, or nearly all, the great benefits which are rendered to the state proceed from the body of the people, while a great body of the aristocracy scarcely fill a more useful place than that of shining at a court gala, or drawing room—smirking and cringing in the train of a hired opera singer—filling up half a column of a newspaper, for the amusement of those who take an interest in the migrations of butterflies—and serving the purpose of a mighty outlet, through which the tide of the nation's existence ebbs rapidly away.

The young Lord Ulla was one of those negative plunderers of the state. He had passed his ma-

jority without effecting any benefit, either to his country or to himself, and did not then seem anxious to repair the time which he had lost. Unfortunately for his own peace, his wealth was so excessive, as to leave no enjoyment, that he cared to indulge in, beyond his reach. From the highest scenes of dissipation, to the lowest of profligacy, he had left none untried, and all alike had ceased to gratify him. He became indolent and apathetic, and found himself, before the beard was yet black upon his lip, in the condition of a man satiated with the enjoyments of sense, and possessing no relish for, or knowledge of any other of a higher order.

"I lead a most miserable life," he said to his physician,—"I have tried every species of recreation that the world can afford, and I am tired of them all. It terrifies me to think that I have yet a long life before me without a single object to interest or amuse me. I detest vice: it has disgusted and sickened me, and there is no harmless or useful employment, that has the power of

affording me a moment's stimulus. What a strange fantastical body is this in which I am confined !— Every thing tires and annoys it ; even repose itself, the only enjoyment that I now ambition, has become a labour and a torment. But that I think it a base, a cowardly, and ungrateful thing, to fling away a gift that God has bestowed upon me—I would be tempted

> ——— " To play the Roman fool, and die
> On mine own sword."——

" I do not know," the medical adviser replied, as he lifted his brows and tossed his head, " why a man should become tired of answering the ends of his existence. Will you pardon me for intimating that there are diseases wherein the patient must minister to himself, and with this advantage, that his practice, if vigorously put in execution, is certain to be successful. There is a feeling in our nature, which if judiciously cultivated, would furnish a certain and radical cure for the sense of uncomfort which you describe."

"If you mean to hint that I should join the *saints*"* Lord Ulla rejoined, with a frown and a yawn, "I have only to say that I hate cant and hypocrisy."

"And so do I," replied his friend, "you quite mistake me, if you suppose that I would recommend to you to undertake the correction of others, without being invested with the necessary authority. A man has enough to do, who regulates the little moral commonwealth within his own mind, without extending his dominion, unwarrantably, to that of his neighbours. But are there not active duties, which should furnish you with occupation?"

"I have no object to stimulate me to exertion; and labour for labour's sake—you know the apophthegm. Ambition, I have none—I can feel no gratification in the prospect of hearing a few thousand tongues wagging with the sounds of my praise. Why should I care for regulating the

* A cant term for public and unauthorized conservators of religious decorum.

affairs of an empire? What is it, but providing for a more numerous family?—and what has the nation done for me, that I should pretend to father it?"

The doctor smiled, and remained for a few moments in meditation. "To be candid with you," said he, "I know of no power in medicine that can be available in your case. But if you could prevail on yourself to travel a few hundred miles, I am acquainted with a mineral water on your own estate of Ulla, which I am almost certain would effect a beneficial change in your constitution. Go there, and when you have found the spring, I will send you directions how to use it."

"Go there!—go to Ireland? Is it to be shot from behind a hedge, or have my throat cut in my bed?"

"I do not think there is such manifest danger of that; and even if the journey were not without risk, would it not be better meet death at once, than be frittered out of the world by colds, and indigestions, and nervous idiosyncrasies?"

"I protest you are right," replied the young

Lord—" but then to leave London now in the blaze of winter—and Pasta and Sontag in town!"

"I thought you said that both had tired you—that there was nothing in London that could supply you with a moment's amusement. The trip will at least have novelty to recommend it."

"I protest you are right again," replied the young nobleman, "I will certainly undertake the journey."

"And if you do so," continued his adviser, "you would do well to perform it incognito, and take with you no other articles of value than are necessary for your expenses on the road. It will be the safest course, and when you arrive in Ulla, you can send to your banker for remittances."

The plan was embraced and executed. Under the unassuming name of Mr. John Johnson, the young Lord of Ulla took his seat in the Bristol coach. He admired, (not for the first time) the glories of Bath, as he entered its gloomy vale late at night, when the traveller imagines he is passing

through a city of stars ; and lights twinkle through the darkness above, around, and beneath him. He grew rapturous on the Avon—bought bookstones and copper ore at the foot of the lofty Clifton hills, felt queer for half a night on board the Nora Creina, and landed safely on the Waterford quay, all wonder, interest, and terror.

Although there was a great crowd of Irishmen upon the quay, he had the good fortune to arrive with life at a small hotel in a retired part of the city, where he immediately hired a post-chaise for the interior. He drove rapidly by

> " —— that lake, whose gloomy shore
> Sky lark never warbles o'er,"

and arrived late on the following day, at the principal inn on his own estate, in a remote and mountainous country.

He was met in the ruinous hall of the house of entertainment, by a shrewd looking man, whose bows and smiles seemed to announce him as the proprietor of the establishment. In compliance with Mr. Johnson's desire, he was

shewn into a parlour, the dreary regularity and discomforting finery of which chilled and depressed him.

He observed, as he entered, a peculiar and penetrating expression in the landlord's eye; it vanished, however, the instant their glances met.

"You appear not to be much troubled with company here, landlord?" said Mr. Johnson.

"Scarce and genteel, sir—scarce and genteel is the way with us," replied the host, tossing his head.

"Whose is the estate, pray?"

"It belongs to young Lord Ulla, please your honour."

"A good landlord, I suppose?"

The man lowered his face as if to hide a smile. "Middling, sir," he answered; "middling, as we say, like the small potatoes."

"Why, does he oppress his tenantry in any way for his rents?"

"As for himself, sir," replied the inn-keeper, "we can't say what he is, for our two eyes never perched upon him yet, since the day he was born.

But whatever he be himself, the man that *does for him** here, is no great things."

"You mean his agent?"

"Why then I'll not tell you a word of a lie about it, it's the very man I mean."

Mr. Johnson said no more on this subject, but ordered dinner, and gave particular directions about the cookery. After enumerating a long string of dishes which he could furnish, only for something, the landlord named a pair of chickens, together with "the best potatoes in Europe." On this Mr. Johnson thought he could contrive to sustain life for one day.

But he was doomed to fare still worse, for the chickens were overdone. He rang for the landlord, who, it appeared, was his own waiter.

"These chickens are overdone," was Mr. Johnson's first exclamation.

"Overdone, sir!"

"There is not a morsel fit to eat upon the dish, except the liver."

* Transacts his business.

"In earnest, sir?" said the man, with apparent concern.

"Take it away," said Mr. Johnson.

"Will I kill a couple more for your honour?"

Mr. Johnson stared. "Are you a cannibal," said he, "that you would kill and eat a chicken on the same day?"

The landlord, looking quite perplexed, removed the chickens, and the young nobleman ordered him to send in tea as quickly as possible.

At this order the landlord remained for some moments, as if hesitating about what he should say.

"Please your honour, sir," he exclaimed at length, "what kind of *tay* would your honour wish?"

"Good green tea, if you have it; I don't suppose I can expect anything better from you."

"Oh, no, sir, 'tisn't that at all, I mean, only it's what I mean is, is it rale tay-tay your honour wants, or coffee-tay, or oat-male tay?"

"Tay-tay! coffee-tay!" ejaculated the guest; "I don't understand you. I want tea.—Don't you know what tea is?"

"Oh, yes—I see it's the tay-tay you mean. I'm sorry to say I can't give you any to-night."

"No tea!" sighed Mr. Johnson; "well then, send me in coffee, or *coffee-tay*, as you call it."

"I can't promise your honour that neither," said the landlord, shaking his head; "but if you'd like a drop of the oat-male tay, an' a fine thing it is, I could give you some of the best in the county."

"Will you answer me one question, friend?" said Mr. Johnson, after pausing for some moments to gather patience.

"As far as my knowledge goes, sir," replied the landlord, with a quiet bow.

"On what do you support your guests in this house?"

"On what heaven gives me, sir, surely, day after day, taking the fling as it comes."

"Leave me those potatoes," said Mr. Johnson; "I see I have nothing better to expect."

"Why then 'twould be droll if you had," said the landlord, "for the whole parish gives it up to them, that they're the best potatoes that was ever dug out of the ground."

In a few minutes, Mr. Johnson's bell again summoned the landlord to the parlour. The latter made his appearance with the same courteous bow, and the same obsequious "What's wanting, please your honour?"

"Have you any listen in the house?" was the query of the guest.

"Listing!" exclaimed the landlord in a grave and rather lofty tone; "Oh, no, sir, there's none o' my people listing.—It's not come to that with us yet, any way."

"Psha!" replied Mr. Johnson, "I don't mean listing for soldiers—but cloth listen to nail on that door;—there's such a draught!"

"There's nothing of the kind in the house, plase your honour," said the host, shaking his head.

"Well then, throw on some more turf on the fire, and shut the door after you, which, I perceive, nobody in this house ever thinks it necessary to do."

The man obeyed, and Mr. Johnson began to read a provincial paper which lay on the table. In a few minutes the chimney puffed clouds of

smoke, and again the house-bell summoned the landlord to the room. He entered at this time with a smile of peculiar mischief and shrewdness.

"Oh! murder, murder!" he exclaimed, "what a mortal sight o' smoke!"

"Well, what's to be done about it?" said his guest.

"Oh, then I don't know, sir," he replied, with much apparent concern, and yet with something like an inclination to smile; "but if your honour would leave the door open, just the weeniest little peep in the world, it will all clear in a minute."

"But then the cold draught, friend—it would be the death of me."

"Well, a dawny piece of the window then?"

"You stupid man, wouldn't the draught be as bad from the window, as from the door?"

"Oh, then, dear knows," exclaimed the man, tossing his hands up in despair; "I'm fairly lost between the whole of 'em.—I don't know what I'll do with your honour, nor where I'll put you."

"Give me a light," groaned Mr. Johnson, "and shew me to my sleeping-room."

This was done, but a hard bed, and scanty covering rendered it only an exchange of one suffering for another. Mr. Johnson resolved that his first measure, in the morning, should be to change his quarters. What was his astonishment and consternation, however, after he had dressed, to discover that his pocket-book, containing all the money which he had brought with him, was not to be found. Inquiry was fruitless, and the landlord threw out more than one hint of his doubt as to whether any loss had really taken place. This doubly incensed the young nobleman and made him regret his having ever trusted himself, thus unprotected, in such a land.

Still, however, wishing to preserve his incognito, he resolved to remain for some days, at the inn, until he should obtain a remittance from his banker. He wrote accordingly, and gave the letter to the landlord, that he might send it to the nearest post town. By this awkward circumstance Mr. John Johnson was reduced almost to his last sovereign, and the appearances which he chose to assume for the preservation of his incognito, ren-

dered it improbable that many persons would be willing to afford him a long credit.

He spent several days within the cover of his apartment—talking with his landlord on the state of the country, and listening with that fascinating curiosity which attracts interest even while it inspires apprehension, to numberless tales of Rockite murders, post-boys shot from behind hedges, and houses burned about the ears of the inmates. These narratives contributed, together with the terrific accounts put forward in the alarmist newspapers, to increase his fears a hundred fold, and to make him regret that he had ever ventured his life among so murderous a generation.

He regretted it still more acutely, when, after a second application to his banker, he received no answer nor acknowledgment of his letter. This circumstance was peculiarly annoying, as, during his sojourn here, he had not rendered himself a favourite with the people of the inn. The air of superiority which Lord Ulla was accustomed to assume, sometimes unconsciously manifested itself in the demeanor of Mr. John Johnson, and the

landlord began to feel indignant at his complaints of smoking chimneys, and draughts, and undressed dinners. "Set him up with cookery, indeed!" his guest heard him say, as he left the apartment on one occasion, "I wish I was sure of getting my money for what's past and gone. What I'm thinking is that the nobles are down to fourpence with him."

One morning, Mr. John Johnson was seated at the breakfast table, on which was placed a quantity of material sufficient to make a considerable company contented. This profusion has always a strange appearance in the eyes of an Englishman who is accustomed to the Lilliputian frugality that is manifested in the service of a London coffee-house. The door suddenly opened, and the landlord advanced to the table.

"I'd take it as a favour, sir," he said, "if you'd oblige me with the loan of five pounds. There's a neat cow below street at the cant, and I'll want beef against the gentlemen come to the races."

Mr. John Johnson could not conceal his confusion.

"I should be most happy to accommodate you," said he, "but, upon my honour, I—I—am quite drained at present. If a few days would answer—"

"No, sir—'twould not answer," the man replied gruffly, "who ever heard of a cow being canted for a few days running?"

"Perhaps," said Mr. Johnson, "if you send your man to the office he would find a letter there for me?"

"Long ago this morning, sir, my man was at the office, and there's nothing for you. I'm tired of sending to the office for you. I'm sorry to say it, Mr. Johnson, but I'm afraid 'tis humbugging me you are, sir."

"Humbugging, fellow?"

"Fellow!" the landlord shouted out, glad of a quarrel, "no fellow for a rogue or a sponge, Mr. John Johnson."

"Why, you scoundrel, what do you mean to insinuate?"

"I mean to insinuate that I have my doubts if you're any thing better. That's what I mean to insinuate. And I'll tell you what's more again;

I mean to insinuate that there's company coming here to the races, and that I'd be obliged to you if you'd make yourself scarce in these rooms; there's the long and the short of it now."

"Stay, my good fellow," said Lord Ulla, conscious that he was likely to profit little in a contest of this nature, "the fact is, I have written twice to my banker, and by some mischance, I have not yet been able to obtain an answer."

"Poh! that's the old story always. I declare, look—it sickens me to hear you talking of yourself and your banker. I believe he might put all you ever lodged with him into his waistcoat pocket in small change. You have as much bankers as I have of prime ministers—and that isn't one."

"You are an impudent rascal!"

"Cut out of my house now this moment, since you call me an impudent rascal. There's the door open for you."

"Why, you inhospitable fellow, you would not turn me out alone, now, and the country in such a state!"

"Country in a state! And what state is it in, Mr. John Johnson? How mighty genteel you are, indeed! Why then you may go from this to Cork, and if you'll meet a greater rogue than yourself on the way, I'll give you leave to call me another, for company. Pack away with yourself now if you please."

"Very well! I tell you I can make you repent this."

"You're welcome, as soon as you like. That's what vexes me entirely, now, is the airs you take upon yourself. If it was Lord Ulla himself was there, he couldn't speak prouder, nor give more trouble."

"Why, fool that you are—I tell you that I am—"

"Well, what do you tell me?"

"Nothing. Give me my hat—and take care of my valise until I send my servant for it. What do you sneer at, you scoundrel?"

"Nothing. Only some thoughts that were coming into my mind when you talked of your *servant*. Why then, you're the foolishest young man I think I ever saw. Good morning to you.

—Here, although you didn't behave so well, still I declare you have a touch of a gentleman with you, that I like. Here's a paper of sandwiches, and put 'em in your pocket against the road."

Without condescending to return any other reply than was conveyed in a look of fierce anger, Mr. John Johnson left the door of the hotel, and took his way across the mountains, towards the residence of his own agent, which was about fifteen miles from the spot where he stood.

Necessity taught him the art of walking upon the ground, in which, until now, his education had been very deficient. He discovered, also, that he was capable of standing upright in the face of a tolerable gale, by the mere force of gravitation; and actually sustained two severe showers of rain without melting away. Fifteen miles in one day, however, for a person who had not practised walking, was a little too much; and it was with dismay that Mr. Johnson saw the sun go down behind him, while he was yet pacing wearily along the side of a lonely mountain, over which a few wretched cabins were scattered at long intervals.

The night threatened to be stormy, and its threats did not prove vain, like those of a bully. His long abstinence had induced him to bestow more reflection on the rejected paper of sandwiches than his pride would have willingly permitted; and the fear of not being able to procure some equivalent, formed no small part of his anxiety. Indeed it was unreasonable to suppose that he could procure anything fit to be laid even before Mr. John Johnson, in such a wilderness as this.

The night advanced, and his apprehensions increased with the darkness. He would not venture to ask for a lodging in one of the mountain huts, for how did he know but it was there the white-boys lived. And yet was it so safe to be out on such a night? Who knew but he might run full butt up against a rebel, in the darkness? Horrible!—And even if he were fortunate enough to escape, what a terrible thing it was to pass the night out in such a place, with a thorough draught running from the east to the west, enough to give a man his death of cold. He thought of passing

the night like Julius Cæsar, under the shelter of one of the cabin walls; but after leaning in that position for a few minutes, he discovered that he and Julius Cæsar were different men. While he was deliberating, he found himself staggering through a sink of stagnant water, which lay unseen on his path, and arrived with a pint of the liquid in each boot on the opposite side. This made him jump to a conclusion.

The slough in question formed a sort of ornamental lake, in front of one of those mountain villas beforementioned. No other course was now left him than to apply for assistance at the cottage; and, reversing the principle of Hamlet, he chose rather to fly to ills he knew not of, than to bear those ills he had.

The door was opened by a meagre looking man, in wretched attire, who held a rush-light in his hand, and looked with an expression of surprise and half-forgotten sorrow on the stranger. The squalidness of his appearance caused a coldness to fall on the heart of the young nobleman, who would have preferred damp feet to the chances of

a night's lodging beneath the same roof with so ill-looking an individual.

"'Twould not be worth our while to refuse you a lodging," said the man, in answer to his request—"in a house that won't be our own to-morrow. Walk in, and welcome."

Mr. Johnson entered, and showed by his countenance, as he stared around the apartment, that he did not think there could be much hardship in being ejected from such a dwelling as this. A few crazy hay-bottomed chairs, and a small table, constituted nearly all the furniture; and the floor, which was of clay, was moistened into a puddle in most places, from the dropping of the roof.

"Put down the rest of the faggots, Mary, honey," said the man, "let us have the benefit of them for this night, at any rate, since it is to be the last, and there's no use in sparing them, when we can't take them with us.

Two little girls, as pale and squalid as their father, proceeded to rekindle the expiring embers, by heaping on fresh fuel, and stooping forward on their little hands to illume it with their breath.

This picture, coupled with the surrounding misery, reminded him of the lines in the magnificent poem of "Darkness:"—

——— "They raked up
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life—and made a flame
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects!"

The man bade them to put down their supper, a small pot of potatoes which lay near, saying, that he supposed "the gentleman had no objection to eat a little, any more than themselves."

Mr. Johnson made as cheerful a reply as he could, under the circumstances, and after making an unnecessary apology, was preparing to draw off his wet boots, when a faint moan from an inside room, struck on his ear.

"Is it anything that you'd want, Mary, darling?" said the man, pausing, and holding in his hand the boot which he was about to place in a corner near the fire.

"Nothing, only the rushlight, Ned, until I'll hear little Milly her lesson."

The man asked Mr. Johnson's pardon for leaving him in the dark, saying that his wife was lying sick in the room. When he entered, the young nobleman overheard, with some misgiving, a half-whispered and broken conversation, in the course of which, the sick woman, he perceived, was endeavouring to prevail on her husband to grant her some request which he was unwilling to concede.

"But listen, here, Ned—can't you, now?—what good is it for you?—can't you be said by me?"

"Ah! hold your tongue, woman, you'll drive me crazy."

"But I see by you, now, that you are harbouring something bad in your mind against him; Ned, don't add to my sickness—don't bring down more sorrow on my head."

Mr. Johnson felt very uneasy.

"You poor foolish woman," the man replied; "I don't know what to say to you. The world wouldn't make you murmur. What chance have

we at all of anything but starvation now, and you don't look as if you thought it."

"I don't think it, I tell you—and if I did, what good would it do us to have such thoughts? You say yourself, that the rich people have a great deal to answer for, that feast and drink all their days, and fly the face of all suffering; but what would be said of us when the Almighty sends the means of salvation to our hands, if we refuse to use them? We can't help being poor; if we were to harbour all the revenge, and spite, and envy in the world—if we were to murmur and be sick of discontent, it would not make us one penny richer;—it might be a hard thing, and sore against nature to tie ourselves to sorrow, but when we are bound to it by the Almighty's will, surely it is easy to be contented with what he ordains. The rich man has a better excuse for not inflicting self-denial, than we have for not enduring it;—I declare there's nothing so surprising in the world, as that poor people should murmur at all, when it is so easy for them to earn a great reward just by being silent. Now, if you ever

loved me, Edward, show that you loved me with a right heart and intention, by bearing every thing to-morrow with patience."

"Listen to me, what I tell you, Mary; I'll do what I can, and what can I do more, if I was the Pope itself? Ah! you poor saint, it isn't there you ought to be lying this night. I wish, Mary, I left you where I found you first, in your father's house, and never asked you to suffer such misery as this."

"That's the unkindest word you ever said to me yet," said the woman; "I never repented it yet, and why should you? I had rather be sorrowful and patient with you, than gay and thoughtless with another. Do this for me, and I am satisfied."

The husband re-entered the outer apartment, and took his seat with a pleased though troubled aspect, by the now blazing fire. He seemed totally forgetful of the stranger's presence, and continued to turn the roots in the simmering water, while his thoughts were evidently bent on another subject. The sick woman, in the mean-

time, instructed the child in her lesson, which consisted of that beautiful and consoling passage from the Sermon on the Mount, which is distinguished by the name of the Eight Beatitudes. The lesson was so appropriate in this scene of tears and affliction, that a deep sympathy of mingled hope and pain fell upon the heart of the young Lord, while he glanced from face to face of the silent group, and heard the lips of the innocent child echo the cheering promise, that "they who mourn are blessed, for they shall be comforted!"

"The Lord relieve you, poor woman," the husband said, at intervals, as he listened, "and direct them that brought you to that pass, and teach them better. The Lord forgive young Lord Ulla, this day! Five pounds couldn't be so much to him that he'd turn a poor famishing family out on the road in weather like this on account of it. Come, Mary, child, lay the table, and throw out the potatoes before the gentleman."

Mr. Johnson endeavoured, but in vain, to prevail on them to sit down with him, but the peasant

was resolute in keeping what he thought his distance. In the course of the entertainment, he made his guest acquainted with the story of their distresses, which threw a considerable share of blame upon the shoulders of the young nobleman's agent, the little holding being situate on his estate. The grievances and oppressions detailed, though common even to staleness, were new and shocking to the ear of the sensitive and not ungenerous voluptuary.

"Indeed he has laid a hard and heavy hand on our house," the man added in conclusion; "but, as the woman within says, there's no knowing what compulsion might be on him to do as he is doing, and we have no right to judge."

The delicate Mr. Johnson was astonished to find that he, whom the refinements of a scientific repast frequently failed in tempting to a cheerful meal, was able without an effort to dine heartily on a plate of plain potatoes sweetened with a grain of salt. They tasted more sweetly, he thought, than any delicacy he had ever before partaken of. To his great surprise, moreover, he found an armful

of dry straw placed at some little distance from the fire, a more luxurious resting-place than all the upholsterers in the empire could have afforded him.

He was awakened, late on the following morning, by the sound of loud and angry voices in the house. On looking out from behind the projecting partition that separated him from the fireplace, he perceived that the work of spoliation had already commenced. The scene which met his eyes was touching in the extreme. Near the door stood a fat red-faced man, with a shot-belt round his shoulder and a note-book in his hand, in which he was making some memoranda.

"Come, come, bundle away, Hanrahan, as quick as you can. There's no use in your keeping us all day, since you *are* to quit, and I want to have some cocking in the wood as I go home."

The man was standing at a little distance from the door, the early sunshine falling on his features. His wife, a pale and sickly, but calm-eyed and handsome young woman, hung with both her hands upon his shoulder, while their children,

unconscious of the mournful consequences of their ejectment, gazed with innocent wonder on the stranger and his attendants. The man exchanged glances with his wife at the speech above written. His look was one of smothered passion; hers was one of affectionate entreaty. He tossed his head; resigned his indignation; and smiled a mournful acquiescence.

"Ho! ho! what have we here?" exclaimed the agent, stirring something that glittered on the floor. "A silver cigar-box! How came you by this, Ned?"

"I don't know," replied the man, "if it doesn't belong to the strange gentleman that was benighted with us last night."

Mr. Johnson here advanced, and claimed his property, mentioning at the same time, in brief and polite terms, the circumstances which compelled him to seek the shelter of so humble a roof as this. While he and the agent were interchanging mutual civilities, a dreadful shower of rain fell outside.

"I'll tell you what, sir," said the poor man, as

he bent an anxious eye on his wife, "leave us in the house for a few days, or for this day itself, until we try to get some sort of a lodging. My poor Mary, here, can never stand the weather."

"I can't do it, Hanrahan. I have Lord Ulla's positive directions not to let it go beyond this day; and I have no choice left."

"The Lord forgive that young man," said the husband. "If he's as hard on you as you are on us, you are to be pitied with him. I'll tell you what it is, sir," he added, after a pause and with a totally altered tone. "I'd consider it nothing less than murdering my wife to go out to-day; and neither for Lord Ulla, nor for you, nor for any other man, will I stir one step until I have provided a lodging for her at any rate."

"Come, drag them out at once, now," said the agent, snatching his gun.

The man, springing from his wife, who shrieked in terror, caught up a pitchfork that lay on the floor.

"Leave the house!" cried the man of power, cocking his piece.

"Never while I live," shouted the peasant, "you'll take me out on a door first! Stand back, woman! I say you shall not go."

"But I am able! I am well, well able!" cried the woman, walking across the room. But the effort disproved her words. She staggered from weakness, and would have fallen, but that her husband caught her in his arms. He looked with a smile of bitter reproach on the agent, while he held her forward, as if by way of appeal to the spectators. The agent understood the action.

"I can't help it," he said: "come, turn them out!"

"Hold!" exclaimed Mr. John Johnson. They all held their hands accordingly, obeying they knew not what of authority in his voice that charmed them.

He requested a word apart with the agent, who followed him into the inner room in some surprise. The rest gazed on one another in silence. In a few seconds, Mr. Johnson returned with the step of a Lord, and the agent followed him pale and agitated.

"Hanrahan," said the latter, "I have changed my mind about this business, you can remain here for the present, and here is some money for your present use. This gentleman has brought me word, that Lord Ulla—that—there was some mistake about his wishes."

The man darted a shrewd glance at Lord Ulla, but perceiving some reproving expression on his features, continued silent, bowing his head down in unaffected reverence, and almost trembling with the agitation of joy and gratitude. Not a word was spoken, until the cabriolet of the baffled deputy drove to the door, and its owner, accompanied by Mr. Johnson, took his seat in the vehicle.

Both sat for some time, the one in embarrassed, the other in meditative silence. At length, Lord Ulla asked, in an indifferent tone, whether there were not a certain mineral water in the neighbourhood, much resorted to by valetudinarians.

No such thing had ever reached the ears of the obsequious gentleman, who sat beside him. The young nobleman remembered the sharp looks and

secret smiles of the landlord, the words and character of his medical friend, and a strange suspicion darted into his mind. The whole had been a scheme concerted between the physician and the innkeeper. The latter had never forwarded the cheques on Lord Ulla's banker, and probably knew more of the abstraction of the pocket-book than he had pretended.

"I hope," the agent resumed, in some trepidation, "your Lordship will not attribute the fault——"

"I attribute it where it was due, sir," replied the nobleman. "The fault was mine."

"Yours, my Lord? I think the very last—"

"You drive too slow, sir. Imagine that grey mare to be one of Lord Ulla's tenants, and if I mistake not, she will be driven faster. You know you want to have some shooting in the wood."

The agent coloured, and discharged his vexation on the sides of the animal. When they arrived at the "great house," Lord Ulla called for ink and paper, and penned the following note to his physician.

"I have found the spring of which you spoke, "and derived so much benefit from the draught "I have already taken, that I stand in no need of "the code of directions you were kind enough to "promise me. It is my intention to remain on "my estate during the summer, for the purpose "of completely establishing the beneficial altera-"tion, which has been already effected.

"Yours, &c.

"ULLA.

"P. S. The English do not know how to dress potatoes. They should be boiled in the rind, and eaten with salt."

On the next morning, the suspicions of the young nobleman were verified by a visit from the inn-keeper, who came to restore the pocket-book, with all its contents, and the two letters which, as Lord Ulla had conjectured, never had been forwarded.

"Please your Lordship's honour," said the landlord, with many obeisances, "if your Lordship blames any body in this business, 'tis the doctor

you'll blame, and not me, for 'tis his bidding I was doing. He wrote me word a few days before you came to do all that I did after, and I made no work about doing it, for I knew that I was safe as long as I was said by the doctor. And this much I'll say for my house, please your Lordship's honour, that if ever your Lordship comes the way again, you'll have the best of all good treatment, tay-tay, and coffee tay, and green tay too, an yellow, if there's such a thing to be had, high or low; for 'twas only by the doctor's orders we gave your Lordship such poor usage the last time. And as for the chimney, it never puffed before nor after, (which is saying a deal) only that once I just slipped a weeny piece of a tile upon the chimney above, thinking to please the doctor. Indeed, it went sore against my heart, to see you cutting away with yourself that morning, please your Lordship, and 'tis what the wife I have said to me and you going out the doors, was that you'd get your death by it. But as I said to her—A' hold your tongue, you foolish woman, says I, do you think you know better than the doctor? Indeed, I'll

tell your Lordship no lie, 'tis the word the doctor wrote me, was to do something to make Lord Ulla feel what poverty was! Is that the way of it? says I to myself; why then let me alone for giving him a taste of it:—as I did, I'm sure, please your Lordship, and more blame to those that put me up to it."

The history informs us, that Lord Ulla prolonged his residence beyond the summer, and discovered, by personal experiment, that the only way to enjoy the real comforts of life, is by bestowing them wherever they are needed.

CHAPTER X.

Smell.

CHAPTER X.

Mechanism and Uses of Smell.

Of the mechanism of the sense of smell, (a faculty which drew from a sensitive speculator of modern times, the epithet of the sense of imagination,) I have little more information to offer. There is scarcely a body in nature which is not capable of diffusing a substance called odour, supposed by many to consist of a multitude of fine particles indiscernible by any contrivance of optics. These particles are supposed to repel one another, and thus scatter themselves to an immense distance in the air. Being carried into the nostrils in the act of respiration, they irritate the surface of the pituitary membrane, a soft and tender coat, by which these cavities are lined. The

olfactory nerve which is intended to convey to the brain any impression that is communicated to this membrane, has a number of small filaments distributed underneath, all of which are occupied in receiving and transmitting the impressions made from without. It is in order to qualify the membrane for the discharge of these functions that the nasal mucus is secreted, to preserve the membrane in the necessary degree of softness and moisture. The deficiency or unhealthiness of this secretion on occasion of cold and other diseases of the head, deprives us of the power of perceiving odours.

The extreme fineness of those particles may be conceived from the fact mentioned by Lord Valentia that the perfumes of the island of Ceylon may be distinctly perceived at a distance of (I think) nine leagues. The great Haller mentions that a single grain of ambergris has imbued eight thousand square feet of paper with its odour, which it retained during a period of forty years.

This sense contributes in a high degree to our intelligence. It is most essential in the sciences of botany, chemistry, and medicine. Every new

odour is a new idea presented to the mind. It is likewise essential for the purposes of self-preservation, by warning us when we are exposed to noxious vapours and by guiding us in the choice of wholesome nourishment.

It is one of the first promoters of our enjoyment, and is sometimes capable of lifting the mind to a degree of almost rapturous ecstacy. If you have at any time been confined for many days to a sick-bed, you must have experienced the exquisite happiness which is produced by walking out for the first time into a garden of summer flowers, especially if you have done so in the morning when their fragrance is strongest and purest. The smell of a newly mown meadow is productive of a more delicious because less enervating enjoyment than could be afforded by all the perfumes of the east.

A great deal of the pleasure which it confers is in many instances the result of habit and association. A seaman feels his spirits exhilarated by the odour of tar and oakum, which would prove nauseous and overpowering to more inland nostrils. Whenever under any circumstances of po-

sition or feeling, I happen to encounter an odour which bears a resemblance to the prevailing atmosphere of England, a sudden pleasure takes possession of my mind, which I can only account for by remembering that I first visited that island with feelings of peculiar interest and gratification. No one, who, after long absence, has revisited the scenes of his early life, can be ignorant of the powerful agency of this sense in reviving ancient associations.

The susceptible enthusiast, before alluded to, relates, that in recalling the conversations which he had held long before with an attached friend, not only the air and figure and voice of the absent person was presented to his mind; but the look of the fields, the trees, the sky, and the very odour which at that time prevailed in the atmosphere, were most vividly reproduced within his memory.

Look upon it ever as a sign of a masculine intellect and a strong understanding to neglect the voluptuous gratification of this sense. This is a folly which should be left altogether to the masculine imitators of the weaker sex. They are shame-

less slaves to it, whose chambers are filled with wasteful odours; who expend on vials of unwholesome perfume that wealth which is committed to them for the advantage of their fellow creatures, and whose study appears to be that they may leave no breath unpoisoned or unpolluted of the fresh and wholesome air that surrounds them. A man that is wrapt up in perfumes is surely a pitiable creature.

This fashion, which was once disgustingly prevalent, is now confined, in a great measure, to persons of vulgar and mean habits, who are not only heedless of their religious obligations, but ignorant of the customs of good society. Still however the folly is not wholly banished from even the better informed classes of mankind; and it is a hideous cruelty, that a gentleman of moderate fortune will keep in his desk, for the purpose of perfuming note-paper, a vial of perfume, the price of which would pay the house-rent of a poor peasant, in our provinces, for a whole year. There is besides, a manifest rudeness in the use of artificial odours, which no well educated person ought to offer to society. Predilections in this sense

are as various as in that of taste; and it seems as unreasonable, that a man should compel every person he meets to inhale that single odour which he thinks agreeable (but which to many may be quite the reverse), as if a host should measure the tastes of his company by his own, and oblige them all to partake of a certain dish, because it happened to be his favourite.

There is an anecdote related by some old historians, with which, as it seems to be peculiarly appropriate, I will conclude this chapter. Imagine yourself for a moment to be an auditor of the following conversation between a young Roman of the days of Vespasian, and a moralizing acquaintance.

"Of what should you be vain, Sulpicius? Is it of your complexion? I acknowledge it is beautiful—but the colours of which it is composed are lavished, with a sovereign profusion, even on the inanimate objects that surround you. The rose leaf has a lovelier red, and the lily is of a purer white. Is it of the brilliancy of your eyes? A brilliant and a wonderful sight they are indeed:

but the same hand that gave them their lustre, as if in mockery of your pride, has shed a far more excellent radiance into the cold and senseless diamond. Is it of the fine form and proportion of your limbs and frame? The same mysterious adaptation of curves, and lines, and angles, which charms the sight in the contemplation of the human figure, can be traced through all the animated creation, from what you consider its meanest to its most magnificent productions. Is it of your stature? I acknowledge that you stand nearly six feet above the earth; but a snail, on the peak of Olympus, is six thousand one hundred and ninety-four feet higher."

So spoke the Christian Vindex to his friend, a young patrician, who was preparing to present himself at the court of Vespasian, for the first time since his return from Egypt. The proverbial luxury of the imperial manners about this period was carried to an extent which the general diffusion of the Christian religion has since prevented from recurring in these parts of the world. The young Sulpicius, who was one of the best

figures on the Velabrum, thought he could not be too expensive in his preparations to do honour to the new lord of Rome.

"I must consult my interests, Vindex," he replied: "who knows what may be the result of this trifling attention? Otho won the friendship of Nero, and laid the foundation of his good fortune, by treating him to some pipes of fine essence. And (*Zoe mou!*) the beautiful Nervia is to witness my presentation. This day, my friend, is the crisis of my fortune, and you would not have me endanger it by any untimely restriction in dress or appearance."

Saying this, he adjusted his toga, and threw a shower of a delicious essence over his person.

"Have you read this?" asked Vindex, laying his finger on a volume of Eupolis, who, in common with the other Greek authors, was in high fashion at the time in the great city. "I find here the character of that Otho you speak of, painted in colours which I should have little ambition to wear——

"Mark now, and learn of me the thriving arts
By which we parasites contrive to live—
Fine rogues we are, my friend (of that be sure)
And daintily we gull mankind.—Observe!
First I provide myself a nimble thing,
To be my page—a varlet of all crafts;
Next two new suits for feasts and gala days,
Which I promote by turns when I walk forth
To sun myself upon the public square.
There, if perchance I spy some rich dull knave,
Strait I accost him, do him reverence,
And, sauntering up and down with idle chat,
Hold him awhile in play: at every word
Which his wise worship utters, I stop short
And bless myself for wonder. If he ventures
On some vile joke, I blow it to the skies,
And hold my sides for laughter."*——

But while the young Christian was employed in reading the passage, a burst of acclamations from the street made the courtier hurry in his preparations, and neglect the satire of Eupolis. He slipped on his sandals, and went to the palace.

* Cumberland's Essays.

Nothing could be more erroneous than his calculation on the propensities of the emperor. Vespasian was a soldier—a plain man, and frugal in his habits, to whom all foppery was matter of detestation.

He was seated on his throne when Sulpicius entered the palace with a petition in his hand. The elegance of his attire, the fashionable ease of his movements, and the rich odours which were exhaled from his dress at every motion, filled the lictors with reverence, and even attracted the admiration of the young nobles who were loitering in the anti-chambers. The lovely Nervia herself smiled as he passed her, and looked forward with a condescending interest to witness the result of his interview with Vespasian.

When he reached the foot of the throne, he bent on one knee, and presented his petition. Vespasian, who was at the moment engaged in conversation with Josephus, the historian, turned his withered and sallow countenance on the young patrician, and, with a prying glance, took the scroll from his hands.

"Pish!" he exclaimed, "what a scent is here!"

The petitioner blushed deeply—the courtiers tittered—and the fair Nervia seemed a little ashamed of her admirer. One of the aged patricians whispered the emperor.

"I care not," was the reply of Vespasian, spoken aloud, "*I had rather he had smelt of garlic!*"

CHAPTER XI.

The Self-consumed.

A TALE.

CHAPTER XI.

The Self-consumed.

Aodh, the thanist of Meath, was, in his youth, one of the most luxurious princes in his nation. He exceeded even the sensual men of Scandinavia in the costliness of his apparel, and the delicacy of his banquets; the pearls of Lough Lene glittered behind his ears, his sandals or brogues were studded with beautiful amethysts from the cliffs of the southern and western coasts; his saga, or cloak, bound on his bosom with a fibula of highly wrought gold, was of the finest silk which the piratical traders of the Gaulish coast could furnish; he moved in an atmosphere of the richest perfumes; a troop of the most beautiful Anglo-Saxon slaves bore his darts, his sparthe, his

wicker shield, and his small Scythian bow; a crotarie, one of the most skilful harpers which the college of Bangor could afford, always accompanied his footsteps, to sooth him when weary, and excite his spirits when depressed; a gifted filea attended him to celebrate his actions in the noblest poetry; a dresbdeartach, or story-teller, sat by his pillow at night to lull him to repose with tales of other days, while the harper was ever ready to fill up the pauses in his narrative with any of the three modes or characteristic measures which his master might desire; the joyous, the sleepy, or the warlike.

In the meantime, the poor were starving at his gate, and his nobles, following his example, oppressed them in a cruel manner in order to obtain the means of imitating the splendour of their prince. The blessings of Heaven, instead of being evenly diffused over the kingdom, to each according to his station, were contracted into the narrow circle of the court, or wooden palace of the prince, and want and ruin sat by every other hearth.

One evening, as he was returning from a splendid coshering, or festive entertainment which the law entitled him to exact at certain times from his wealthier subjects, Aodh sent his guard home before him, and took a lonely path through the wood, which he had known from childhood. He had given directions to his attendants to prepare every thing at the palace for the usual scene of sensual enjoyment which preceded his hour of repose. The moon was at the full, and the thin vernal light falling on the tender and yet unexpanded foliage of the trees that overhung his path, gave a changing and spangled brilliancy to the scene, which contrasted well with the depth of gloom that rested on the centre of the wood. In order to afford a sufficient time to his attendants to prepare for his reception, he took his way by a small dell or valley, which ran along the further extremity of the wood, and afforded, between the broken crags and underwood that covered its sides, a channel for a small stream that hurried rapidly down the steep from a neighbouring hill,

and emptied itself into a small lake at a little distance.

This vale was celebrated in the fire-side annals of the period, as the scene of a horrible catastrophe of domestic crime and carnage, the particulars of which were seldom communicated in a mode more intelligible than in a mysterious hint and shudder, and the general acknowledgment that the vale had been a place of evil resort in the remembrance of the inhabitants of the surrounding cottages. In one part of the declivity was placed one of those lofty pillars of solid rock, called by the antiquary, dallans, and, by the peasantry, finger-stones, the use and origin of which appears at present to be enveloped in total mystery. In the Druid days of Erin, those singular stones were believed to be the habitation of the Nani, a race of dæmons who were permitted to intermeddle, in a very inauspicious way, in human concerns. The introduction of Christianity had put an end to the supposed magical practices in which they were employed; and the figure of

a large cross, carved deeply on the stone, was now substituted for the mystic characters with which they had formerly been ornamented by the ministers of the oaken grove. But though this sacred symbol had long since banished the fear of the Nani or evil spirits, from the minds of the people who cultivated the adjacent lands, it had not divested the valley of all its superstitious associations; and few were anxious to tempt its shades and solitudes after the last reflexion of the evening sunlight had ceased to redden the surface of the broken stream that murmured through its bosom. With greater appearance of reason, it had, of late years, become formidable to the timid of mind, and feeble of person, by the circumstance of its having been, within that period, selected as a place of residence by one of those wretched maniacs, who laboured under that affection of the mind, which our quaint historian, Irenæus, is made to term lycanthropia; and which is remarked as having been of frequent occurrence among the early inhabitants of the island. This unhappy being, who was detested as the only living actor in the

horrid catastrophe above alluded to, and who was said to have been struck by his present disease, in consequence of the remorse that attended the memory of his own share in it, occupied one of those rude caverns which are supposed to have been employed as dwelling places by the early colonists of the land; and, at the time of which we write, were not unfrequently used as a place of refuge, by the persecuted and scanty remnant of the once beloved and influential race of native clergy.

Aodh, wholly absorbed in contemplation, had thridded the narrow pathway leading through the brushwood, to the brook side, and had the mouth of the cave in his eye, before he was aware of the peculiarities of the route he had adopted. He was not, however, one of those to whom the presence of the wretched solitary could be supposed dangerous. Although a sudden shudder, the result of early associations, passed through his frame, when he found himself, on directing his attention, for the first time, to external objects, in the centre of this lonely and ill-reputed region,

he quickly recovered a sufficient degree of self-recollection, to return to his former deliberations, as he flung his saga back from his right shoulder, and leaned against the tall dallan which has been mentioned above.

He started at this moment, and by an involuntary action, placed his hand on his carved sword-hilt, as a low moan, or rather howl, resembling the sound uttered by a wolf in suffering, issued from behind the tall stone against which he leant. He looked on the other side, and saw in the pale light, a spectacle that, for the instant, made his heart shrink and turn cold within his breast. On a small rough stone, within a few feet of the dallan, sat, in an erect position, a tall, powerfully built, but yet lean and wasted man, who seemed at the moment absorbed in a fit of intense and gloomy meditation. He did not move, nor even turn his eyes toward Aodh, notwithstanding the noise which the latter made in changing his position, so that he afforded the Prince an opportunity of contemplating his person and attire at full leisure during the few moments which ensued. His

countenance was dry and fleshless, the features large and boldly fashioned, and the eyes, which were now fixed on some fancied or real object in the atmosphere, were hollow and sunken, yet round and ample in size, and filled with a changeful and melancholy lustre, which was alike indicative of habitual violence and dejection of spirits. His person, which corresponded in size and in leanness with his countenance, was miserably clothed with patched fragments of a saffron coloured cloth, manufactured from the bark of the poplar, and dyed in arbutus; and where this failed the wearer, he had eked out the remainder of his ragged covering with the peltry of wolves and other animals.

As Aodh passed between the maniac and the dallan, the latter waved his hand as if to motion him aside, and still continued to gaze fixedly upward. Moved by some curiosity to know what appearance in the heavens could have rivetted his attention, Aodh looked in the same direction, and observed in the clear and beautiful expanse on which the bright spring moon found no other rest-

ing place for its far-darting beams, one small, white, and fleecy cloud, which was driving gently against the course of the ascending lamp of night. By degrees, as it approached the brilliant satellite, it became still more watery and film-like, until at length it dispersed and seemed to be gradually absorbed in the present splendour of the luminary. When this change had taken place, a loud and sonorous cry burst from the maniac, like the howling of a wild beast, and found a thousand echoes in the recesses of the surrounding hills.

Again Aodh started in sudden fear, and now the maniac seemed, for the first time, to be conscious of his presence. He rose quickly from his place, and laying his huge hand on the Prince's arm, while he gazed closely into his face, he said in an undertone of mingled fear and eagerness :—

" Have you seen her, then ? Did you see her ?"

" Not yet," replied Aodh, who, in the surprise of the moment referred the question to a person who had been uppermost in his own mind a short time before—the Princess Melcha.

"What then should have frighted you?" exclaimed the maniac, looking with an expression of wild wonder downward on the still anxious face of the Prince. "There is nothing else that is terrible in nature. I have confronted death stalking naked in his horrid strength upon the field of war, and never winked nor shrunk. I have stood on the summits of the dreary Fews in the winter midnight, when the clouds were driven like a routed host before the black winds, and traced with my fingers the courses of the red lightning through the darkness that lay beneath and about me, and I never thought of fear; and now—look at me! I cannot hold my strong hand steady here in this peaceful vale, with no more fearful or perilous thing about me than thou, more feeble and more timid than I, even in my weakest mood. Will you know why? I have seen her—she visits me once at the full of every moon, and whispers in my ear to make me mad. You saw her leave me then, and hurry up—up—to her dwelling in the broad moon. I cannot hide from her. When the time of her visitation comes, if ye heaped all those mountains

upon me, she would find me out, and whisper that one sentence in my ear—and then she hurries up laughing, and leaves me howling through the night. Sometimes I call myself a pike, and dive into the very bottom of that lake to avoid her; but that answers not, for she drinks it dry at once and seizes me. Once, when the moon arose, and I heard her rustling in the losa* wood, I suddenly grew to the height of three thousand feet and stepped over that hill, and lay safe at the other side; but she came in the shape of a Loch Lene eagle, and brushed my ear with her horrid wing as I lay crouching under the mountain's peak. But she is gone now, and I am free for half a moon."

Here he placed his hands against his sides, and burst into a fit of vehement laughter; after which, uttering a deep and agonized groan, he resumed his former mood of fixed and gloomy meditation.

While Aodh deliberated with himself what course was best to be adopted in order to extricate himself from the company of this whimsical unfortunate, the latter suddenly started, and pe-

* Underwood, fern, furze, &c.

rusing the features and person of the Prince for a moment, with an expression of wild surprise and confusion, he courteously loosened his girdle, and laid aside his rude birrede of wolf-skin, assuming the air of pompous humility with which a person of high rank does the honours of hospitality to one who holds a station still loftier than his own.

"We have been drunk or dreaming," he exclaimed, "is this the state with which we entertain so high a guest? Where are my galloglachs? Ho! Randubh! Dathy! Mac Cumhal! Pardon me," he added, addressing the Prince with a degree of deep reverence, which provoked a smile from the latter in spite of himself, "my retinue is scattered in pursuit of that black-haired traitor, but our fort lies yonder," he pointed to the mouth of the cave, which was tapestried with hanging woodbine and bramble shoots—"enter, and I will myself attend you. You shall pass the night with your servant. The late rains have in some degree moistened our rushen couch of state, and our hangings of fern and bramble are withered and

blackened by the smoke from our fire, which we burn after the ancient Firbolg fashion. But you come of a hardy race, and will pardon us for our poverty, which leaves our hands empty when they need be at the fullest to do you justice."

Saying this, he strutted a few paces with an air of conscious and accustomed dignity which was almost imposing; but suddenly stopt short with a hoarse cry of warning when he perceived Aodh about to pass in the front of the dallan.

"Behind it! behind it!" he exclaimed, his face flushing, and his eyes watery with passion, "how dare ye look upon it? That is my second terror! The demon who plagues me has placed it there to torture my brain and eat my heart up with despair; for its sight can do nothing for those who are already guilty. I hate to look upon it! it kindles a dreadful fire within my heart—a fiery fear! You can know nothing of it. May you never feel that fear! Do not marvel at a good wish from my lips—I am guilty for all that, I can wish you well and have a natural affec-

tion, though I know my crime still. A man need not be all demon, and yet be lost for ever. 'Tis no more your merit to love your friend in the way of nature than to love your food and your drink. But wo—wo upon ye if ye love not! Look on me and be warned. Avoid sin—pray and fast—and keep a firm guard upon your hand when jealousy or envy tempts you. Fly blood! fly blood! or it will spring up and suffocate and drown your wretched soul! You will not then fear that sign as I do—I have stolen out here at night with a huge axe-head to deface the terrific symbol; but when I have confronted the stone, an armed hand appears above the sign and shakes a broad blade of fire against me; and so I run howling back to my cave, to spend the night with my bad angel in darkness."

Aodh becoming somewhat impatient at the protracted loquacity of the lycanthropiac, and uneasy at the length of time which had already elapsed since he left the feast, now signified to the latter that he must depart, and prepared to ascend the

hill. The maniac, however, was not inclined to relinquish his society so readily.

"Stay with me this night," said he, "or my people will take occasion to say that I am out of favour, and rise in rebellion against me."

"Nay, that cannot be," said Aodh, "I thank you for your entertainment, but I must depart." Here he measured a few rapid paces in the ascent.

The solitary seemed to be incensed by this procedure. He darted on the Prince—who, unable to calculate on his intentions, lost no time in freeing his sword from its sheath, and throwing himself into a ready posture of defence. But it was in vain to think of intimidating the maniac, who, far from pausing at sight of the drawn weapon, seemed to be inflamed to the highest pitch of rage by these preparations of hostility. Instantly closing with the young soldier he wrenched the weapon from his hand with as much ease as if it had been held by the fingers of a child, and casting it with the utmost force into the air, watched it with his eyes as it ascended, twirling and glimmering in the moonlight, until at length

it cut with a short sound through the calm waters of the lake which lay at some distance. The solitary then threw back his head in the manner of an eagle about to utter its wild cry of alarm, and renewed his peculiar and wolf-like howl of inward agony.

"You have now done me a sore mischief," said Aodh, after a pause, in which he considered the perfect inutility and idleness of contending either in word or act with a being so arbitrary in his movements, and resolved to try the less perilous course of appearing to enter into the self-complacent humour of the fancied grandee;—"I have matters of heavy state upon my hands, that call for my presence at the court of Malachie the Ard-righ; and how shall I look without my sword? It will be said that I have been worsted in the fight, and compelled to yield it like a coward—and the name of him whom you profess to serve will be disgraced for ever."

"It is true," said the maniac, appearing much distressed, "and ye will need it too. My brain is grown so like a sieve that it will hold nothing.

I would not have ye stay back—for, what should ye fear when armed, from a coxcomb and a bear? But a weapon? Stay—I will furnish ye! Ha! what do I mean?—I have but one, and that I dare not give you—I dare not look upon! for—for—yet you must not die neither! Stay one moment—I will send it you by my bad angel."

He rushed toward the cave, and Aodh, overjoyed at the opportunity of escape which was thus afforded him, ran swiftly up the steep, and had penetrated far into the wood on his return, before the distant howling of the lycanthropiac announced his discovery of and indignation at the device which had been practised upon him.

As soon as he reached the palace, Aodh dismissed his attendants, and remained the whole night meditating deeply on his adventure. His curiosity was strongly aroused as to the cause of the intense remorse which the maniac appeared to feel, even in the height of his madness. He resolved to satisfy his mind, even at the risk of a second personal encounter with this unhappy being.

Arming himself, accordingly, with a skene, or dagger, and a brazen sword, he went, at the dead of the night, in the course of the following week, to the ill reputed valley. It was moonlight, as before, and the shadow of the dallan was thrown upon the pass, but there was not a human being in sight, and he heard only the cawing of the rooks in the adjoining wood. He approached the cave of the maniac, and heard, within, low moans, and the voice of a stranger, alternated with that of the madman.

"Comfort yourself," said the stranger, "until I can see you again. Cling fast to your hope and repentance; I will return before day-break, to see that you want no assistance, and will send immediately a brother of our convent to attend on your sick-bed."

Hearing a footstep approach the mouth of the cave, Aodh drew back into the shade, which was cast from the projection of the rock. An aged man came out, distinguished by the tonsure and the girdle of the Franciscan monks, and Aodh

heard a faint blessing from the sick man follow his departure.

After waiting until he had passed wholly out of sight, Aodh entered the cavern, and remained for some moments, endeavouring, by the light of two or three rushes, twisted together, and dipped in oil, to discern the person of the maniac. He lay extended at full length on a bed of weeds, in a corner, near the light, and raised his head a little when he heard the step of Aodh.

"Whoever thou art," he said, in a faint voice, "before thou approachest nearer, take that wooden cup, and bring me a draught of water from the fountain; I am almost dying of thirst."

Aodh complied with his request, and, taking the treene, or wooden cup, brought him from the neighbouring fountain a draught of the purest water.

The sick man, no longer, evidently, a maniac, took the cup, and placed it to his lips with eagerness. On a sudden, however, he removed the draught, untasted, and overturned the cup on the earth.

"Wretch that I am," he said, "it is a luxury which should be given to more innocent souls. It was that baneful love of sensual delight, that made me what I am."

After perusing for a moment, with a mournful eye, the splendour of the Prince's apparel, he added, in a sad tone :—

"But you were kind to give, though I am not worthy to receive it. I see, by your apparel that you are now standing in the danger which was to me so fatal; and I cannot better repay the kindness you have shown me, nor ease my own mind more effectually than by telling you my story.

"You are not so young as to be quite ignorant of the fame of Maolruna, the beautiful queen of Leix? Her husband was a warrior, rugged and simple in his habits, much employed in war and in the chase, but she was full of luxury and indolence. The sweetest perfumes filled her chambers, and she bathed her person every day in the Poictou wine, which the Gaulish merchants left upon our coasts, in exchange for the peltry and rich stuffs with which our woods and looms sup-

plied them. Little she thought of her immortal soul, and little of the poor whom famine brought around her gates. I had obtained the quality of filea, at the college of Beanchoir, when I was appointed to fill that office in her household. The atmosphere of luxury was new to me, severe from the discipline of our monastic life; but I found it difficult to withstand the laughter of Maolruna's eyes. The spirits who hear me, good and evil, know what struggles I made to keep myself pure from the contagion of her palace; but in every struggle I yielded something to the tempter, and, what I would have shuddered to contemplate at the first, I grew by little and little. My apparel became gay, like yours, and the simplicity of my life was gone. I thought it harmless to sit for hours, gazing on the beauty of my mistress, and, at her desire, to wake, to the strains of evil and intoxicating passion, the harp that I had always taught to celebrate the gentle beauties of nature, and the praises of its author. I drank, and eat, and laughed with Maolruna, and thought of duty as of a dream of childhood.

At first, my mistress, who knew no deeper sin than that excessive love of sensual delight, favoured me only for the skill with which I touched the clarsech, and rewarded me with smiles which were full of the gaiety of innocence; for all her sin hitherto, was the sin of omission and of thoughtlessness. But soon there grew an altered consciousness in our demeanour, and a more disturbed and passionate feeling in my own heart. It troubled my breast, and filled me with a mixture of guilty joy and shuddering, such as I had never felt before.

"One evening, while I stood in the entrance of the sacred crypt, which was attached to the palace, a female attendant approached me, dressed in the long veil and silver bodkin, which Maolruna's women wore out of doors. She handed me this dagger, which you now see stained with rust, and bade me not fail to be present beside the dallan, in this valley, when the moon should rise.

"I promised to obey, although my bosom was distracted by alternate fits of rapturous and terrific expectation. Concealing the dagger beneath my long white dress, throwing a shower of a delicious

perfume over my person, and hanging a small cruit, or harp, around my neck, I hurried to the place of appointment, just as the moon showed her silver rim above the mountain that walled in the fair recess, upon the east.

"I found, as I expected, Maolruna sitting all alone beside the dallan. She welcomed me with an air of gloomy delight—for guilty passion has nothing of lightheartedness in its enjoyment. We sat down in silence, and, unbidden, I sung to my short-stringed cruit, one of those impassioned strains, which were now so dangerously grateful to her ear Sigh after sigh burst from the lips of the listener, and the triumph of crime within my heart, was completed in intention.

"But towards the close of the song, I observed that a strange light fell upon the strings of my instrument. It was not the moonlight, for it flung the shadow upwards, and its hue was that of a ghastly and whitish blue. Turning suddenly to Maolruna, I beheld her trembling violently, and in the attitude of prayer. A light blue flame flickered around her face and hands, which she made

some terrified efforts to shake away, but it clung to her as if it had its origin within herself; and so it had. It spread over all her frame, and with shrieks of terror and of anguish she called on me to aid and save her. I wrapped my mantle around her, but her groans still rent my heart, and when I drew it away, there came with it burning tresses, and particles of a cold phosphoric flame. Wild with horror and agony, I hurried downward to the lake, and filled a vessel with the water. I hastened back, and poured it on her head—but the flame burned up more fiercely than before. Her shrieks made the vale re-echo, and my own cries of terror, joined to hers, brought many to the place. Again I hurried to the lake, but on my return, I found only a crowd of terrified people gazing on a heap of black and clammy ashes, that covered the dallan, the neighbouring shrubs, and lay all around the place where Maolruna had been sitting.

"Madness possessed me. With a shriek of rage and horror I rushed upon the crowd, and buried the fatal dagger, the signal of this guilty

appointment, in the breast of the first person who approached. I can remember nothing more. I felt as if awakened from a long sleep on this morning, when the Franciscan laid his hand upon my shoulder, and bade me to repent. I know not yet if I can be successful, but I desire your prayers, and I implore you to avoid my errors. The Franciscan tells me, that the death of Maolruna may in part be attributed to natural causes, and that there might be a mercy in the interposition which saved her from the depth of sin, on which she bordered. I hope it fervently. Rarely, he says, it is, that Providence visits the guilty with such terrific punishments on earth; for his compassion postpones the date of their condemnation, in pity of their wilfulness. But sometimes he permits such horrible and appalling judgments to take place, in order that the negligent may take warning, and the good become more fervent."

When he had ended these words, the Franciscan returned with one of his brethren, and Aodh took his departure. The impression made on him by the story of the maniac, was so permanent, that he

very speedily retrenched the needless expences of his life, perceiving, that whatever may be said of the magnificence needful for the support of rank, it is more just that the high-born should abridge the splendours of life, than that the poor should want its necessaries.*

* For an account of some interesting cases of self-combustion similar to that above related, the reader may consult Beck's Medical Jurisprudence. There is one in particular, of an Italian Countess who died in the same manner, from a long habit, among other luxuries, of bathing her person in camphorated spirits of wine.

CHAPTER XII.

Taste.

CHAPTER XII.

Mechanism and Uses of Taste.

The mechanism of taste is equally simple with that of the two senses last described. The organ of the sense is found in the surface of the tongue and the palate, although it is diffused with a diminished vigour over the lips, teeth, gums, throat, and even to the stomach itself. Those parts are covered with a mucous membrane, which must be kept moist and healthy, in order to enable the sense to exercise its functions. When the mouth is dry this sense cannot be exerted.

This is, perhaps, of all the senses, the one most essential to our self-preservation. By it we are enabled to distinguish between food which is salutary, and that which is hurtful to the stomach

and constitution. By affording us an exquisite feeling of pleasure, while we retain the former in the mouth, it induces us to prolong the act of mastication, and thus render the food more proper for the action of the stomach. Those who, in obedience to the craving of a keen appetite, swallow too quickly, or in vulgar language, *bolt* their food, counteract the design of Providence in giving them this sense, and destroy the power of the stomach by loading it with a mass too solid for digestion. You may judge how essential this sense must be to the preservation of health, from the fact, that notwithstanding the temptation which it holds out, great numbers are still found to commit the imprudence it was intended to prevent.

Men are so proud of their intellect, and so jealous of its honour, that I believe few would admit this sense to be more influential than almost all the rest, as a ground of human enjoyment, and a stimulus of human action. And yet it is certain, that its gratification is more consulted than that of almost all the others together, at least so far as they

are considered in their external relations. Self-denial exercised with respect to those, is of little difficulty, in comparison with that which has for its object the mortification of the sense of taste. For this reason, likewise, the glutton and drunkard have, in all ages, been classed with the most abandoned and contemptible characters, that the annals of human depravity have ever produced. Nay, so intimately is this sense interwoven with our ideas of pleasure and pain, happiness and misery, that we apply the terms originally used to express the nature of its affections, to illustrate those of the other senses. "A *sweet* prospect"—"a *sweet* sound"—"a *sweet* smell"—"a *bitter* day"—"a *sour* look"—are familiar expressions which we use to express, in the most lively manner, the feelings excited in our minds by sensations of a very different nature from those of taste.

There is scarcely a single feeling that is honourable to our nature, which has not been violated for the gratification of this luxurious sense. Extending beyond its limits that divine institution by

which man was empowered to use all created things for the support of his life and health, many take it upon them to inflict the most lingering and exquisite tortures upon their fellow-beings—for the purpose of gratifying a depraved and voluptuous taste. And those inhuman persons are found amongst the high and intelligent classes of society.

This vice has been so repeatedly censured—it has been so frequently exposed to the denunciation of the preacher—the reproof of the moralist—the gall of the satirist—and the ridicule of the comedian, that it is difficult to find a new position under which it may be attacked. It is, nevertheless, a sensuality so unhappily prevalent in these islands, that one feels it impossible to omit an opportunity of expressing his own feelings on a subject which is so continually thrust upon his observation.

There are several classes of voluptuaries who deliver themselves up, unreasonably, to the gratification of this sense. There are drunkards and gluttons—and there are minor subdivisions of

these two fundamental species. In drunkenness, society is burthened with the drunkard and the sot; both sensualists of a different character. In the vice of gluttony we also find the glutton in quantity—and the epicure, or glutton in quality.

The drunkard is a lean and sunken-eyed being, the current of whose life is reduced to a poor half-pint, and one-half of that is settled in his nose. He drinks for the sake of the stimulus, and seems scarcely to live when the excitation is at an end. You see him then with blood-shot eyes, and mean and trailing pace, crawling along the earth, or standing still with his limbs hanging about him like those of a pasteboard Merry Andrew when the child has ceased to pull its string. All his sober moments are employed in efforts to appease the anger of those friends whom he has offended in his maudlin fits. He takes indignities with patience —not the patience of a Christian, but that of a coward; a coward who murders his friend in his heart while he crouches to him in appearance. Every feeling, every care, every project are forgotten in this single and beastly propensity; every

duty is sacrificed; every obligation is slighted; every affection surrendered to its gratification.

The sot is a sensualist of another order, different in appearance and different in character. He is a huge bloated creature with a lead-coloured complexion and stupid sleepy eyes, into which no human excitement can infuse a spark of fire or intelligence. His drink is ale, or some heavy malt liquor, which will gradually stupefy and beget a dull oblivion, without at any time wholly depriving him of consciousness. The drunkard acts as if his brains were converted into fire; the sot would lead you to believe that his cranium contained a huge lump of mud. He smokes his pipe, and gulps down his coarse draught for the sake of the sedative, not like the drunkard, in pursuit of stimulus. But both are nothing better than the brute.

Yet why should I libel the poor brutes by such a comparison? It is a shame to call a man a beast, when he puts on a character which no well-regulated animals in the whole Linnæan system would assume. Poor sinless things! I wrong

you vilely, when I class you with the glutton and the drunkard. Who ever saw a horse with a paunch like some human creatures, or a hog with a carbuncled proboscis? What dog, unless a dog tutored by man, would surfeit himself on made-dishes, like an epicure, and turn up his nose at plain beef or mutton? Who talks of intemperance in a pig-stye? What, if the poor hog does love a roll in the mire, and eats his pease at the rate of a quart to the mouthful, still it is a sober beast, and fulfils its part in the system of the universal harmony. It would blush, if a hog could blush, to neglect its little squeaking family for the best trough of pease, or the vilest slough that ever tempted him. It is egregious flattery to call a drunkard or a glutton a beast.

The glutton, whose passion regards the quantity of his diet, is a hideous creature. To please himself, he would have his stomach as capacious as a post-bag. He envies his horse when he enters the stable and sees him tugging at a rack full of hay. He emulates the quadruped, and goes on dilating, like the frog in Æsop, till he is ready to

explode from plethora. An apoplectic stroke, in general, concludes his feast, and sends him straight from the table to his tomb.

The epicure is a daintier sinner. He prides himself on a degree of imaginative delicacy in eating, which only proves him to be the more thorough sensualist. The glutton is only devoted in body to the passion, his mind is suffered to stagnate or run wild as it pleases. But the epicure brings both into play. He makes his intellect subservient to the uses of the passion, and debases the lofty faculties of his eternal nature to the service of a mean and selfish appetite.—Who would not suppose that the following passage from a fragment of Plato's comedies, had been written for the benefit of those philosophers—

——— "What is your science
But kitchen science? Wisely to descant
Upon the choice bits of a savoury carp,
And prove by logic that his summum bonum
Lies in his head; there you can lecture well,
And whilst your grey beards wag, the gaping guest
Sits wondering with a foolish face of praise."*

* Cumberland's Essays.

Nature, having denied reason to the brutes, wisely ordained that the means of their subsistence should be thinly scattered over the earth, and that they should seldom find food in masses sufficiently abundant to produce a surfeit. A horse who enters on a pasture field with the hungriest inclinations, can do little more in the course of a day than graze a tolerable meal. The same provision was not resorted to in the instance of man; for his reason rendered the precaution unnecessary. But he has contrived to escape the restraint of that severe admonisher in this as well as in other cases.

I close this unpleasing subject, over which I have hurried with perhaps a too manifest dislike. Forgive the coarseness of the terms which have escaped me. The pencil must be dipped in no delicate colours that is intended to sketch such portraits with any fidelity.

CHAPTER XII.

The Selfish Crotarie.

A TALE.

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The Selfish Crotarie.

At that period in Irish history, when the Scandinavian conquerors, long masters of the island, were deprived of their sovereignty by the natives, there lived in the court of the Ard-righ, in Meath, a young hobbeler named Ollam. He was remarkable for his courage in war, and his accomplishments in peace, but more than all for his strict and steady piety. The practice of self-denial, so necessary to the preservation of virtue, and the formation of true greatness, was familiar to him from his childhood.—His obedience was as implicit as his patriotism was devoted—and it was to him a severe trial of this virtue that he was sent by his king into a remote part of the coun-

try, on the very eve of that singular insurrection which ended in the destruction of the Norwegian Thorgils, and his tyrannical countrymen.

On the day of his return to Meath, the young hobbeler and his daltin, or attendant, were seen, the one riding, the other running on foot, along the banks of the river Callain in the direction of Armagh. The morning was rich in all the soft and youthful luxury of a promising spring, and the horseman, or hobbeler, as those of his class were called from the hobbies which they rode, and which were a species of horse then held, it is averred, in much esteem, grew silent and reserved as soon as they approached the river, although he had, until then, freely interchanged discourse with his attendant on foot.

He was very young—well formed—and possessing, in the strongest degree, the dark complexion and piercing black eye, which marked the Milesian race. His hair, long and undulating, rather than curling, was thrown back from his forehead, and suffered to cluster behind on his neck, in that fashion which, under the name of a *glibb*, became,

a few centuries afterwards, one of the distinguishing characteristics of the mere Irishman. It was prohibited to the English settlers by the wife-killing Henry, under stated penalties; and, afterwards, by his sister-killing daughter, Elizabeth, on pain of fine and dungeon. A small crommeal, or moustache, graced his firm and handsomely pointed upper lip, giving an expression of vigour and manliness to the countenance, which the exceeding fineness and delicacy of the features seemed to render necessary. Around his shoulders was a plain fillead, or mantle, of coarse dark purple frieze, (such as was then, and is at this day, the staple article of clothing among the humbler classes). It was fastened on the breast by a metal button, so as to conceal the greater portion of the under costume, and rudely ornamented with a kind of jagged woollen fringe along the edges. From underneath this ample covering proceeded a truis, or trowsers, fitting tight on the limbs, of a finer weft than the fillead, striped with bright purple, green, and violet. The feet were protected by a brog, or single sole of half-tanned leather,

fastened over the small instep, and handsomely turned ankle, by latchets of silver. On his head was a barrad, or plain cap, of a conical shape, hanging behind. Like all the horsemen of his time and nation, he used no saddle, but sat behind the shoulders of the animal in that easy and natural position which attracts the admiration of the beholder in the Phidian relics of the Parthenon.

His daltin, or attendant, who trudged on foot by his side, was still more humbly attired than the horseman. An emulation of the ruling fashion induced him to soar at the elegance of a glibb, or colun, but the quality of his hair, which was of a bright brown, and almost as strong as hog bristles, stubbornly rebelled against all the efforts which he used to coax it into a becoming cluster on his neck, and many of the hairs shot out in various directions, some right, some left, some one way, some another, giving to the small round head, something of the appearance of an angry porcupine. To judge by the comfortable state of this man's person, which was short and rotund,

and dignified with the slightest possible tumulus in front, as well as by the happy twinkle of his small browless eye, it would appear that sympathy with his country's misfortunes had not materially interfered with his repose of mind. His forehead was low and sloping, like that of a Carribean savage; his little nose turned up, and almost buried between two projecting cheeks of an enormous size, of a jolly red, and studded with freckles as large as peas. His person was protected by a cota, or shirt, of coarse woollen stuff, plaided, opening in front, so as to afford a view of a rough red neck, and falling so far below the substantial waist, that the wearer was enabled to wrap it round the body, and make it fast with a leathern girdle. His truis was somewhat more plain, and of a more venerable appearance than that of his companion; and his brogs were fastened on his feet (which were proportionably as broad as a duck's) with thongs of leather. In one hand he bore his barrad or cap, for the sake of coolness, and in the other, a dart, headed with brass, and Punic fashioned; that being the only weapon

allowed to those of his class. The circumstance of a native's presuming to appear armed at a time when they were kept in worse than Helot slavery, and prohibited even their customary martial exercises of every description, could only be accounted for by the fact, that the bearer belonged to the immediate retinue of the Ard-righ, whom, from some ostentation of forbearance, or perhaps from the fear of driving the people to desperation, the Danish tyrant had permitted to retain around him the shadow and sign of royalty. Whether the horseman were similarly privileged, or no, it appeared that he was unwilling to trust altogether to its efficacy with the savages who were scattered over the face of the country, for he carried no arms which were suffered to appear outside his fillead.

They paused—the horseman setting the example—at a small angle in the bank of the stream, a considerable portion of which appeared to have given way at some late period, and left its broken and rugged sides to vex and curl the rapid waters of the river. A leacht, or heap of stones of a

considerable size, overgrown with long grass, and lying in the shadow of an airigh grove, (that is to say, a group of holly and yew trees) showed that, at some former period, the obsequies of a person of rank had been celebrated on the spot. The brow of the young horseman became clouded, as he approached the place; and he drew his iron gauntlet from his hand, as he pulled up his hobbie, and prepared to dismount.

"Moyell!" he said, addressing the daltin, "is not this the spot on which our late King Aodh lost his life, in endeavouring to save that of an attendant?"

"You have laid your finger upon the spot, as if you had been dreaming of it," said the daltin. "That heap of stones is his leacht. *Do rineadh a loi, agus a leacht.* They sung his praise and raised his tomb.—That is the identical spot."

"I will sit and rest awhile under these yews. Tie the hobbie to a bough, and leave the bridle long enough to permit that he should graze a little. I entertain no fear that we shall be enabled

to reach our King Malachie's fort, before our King Thorgils has come to the coshering [feast]."

"Thorgils loves his ease, Ollam, and without treason be it said, so does Malachie also. And though the distance between a king and a daltin is something more than a plough-land, yet I, a daltin, love my ease as well as another, when my lord is content to let me taste it."

"Take thy fill of it, Moyell, thou hast need of it; sit and be at ease."

"I had rather take my fill of meat," said the daltin; "I have tasted nothing since the sun rose, excepting a small cup of milk and sorrel, which might have lain in the hollow of my palm. It was given me by the Ulster woman, at whose house we passed the night. Depend upon it, Ollam, thou wilt not be the less disposed for the royal delicacies of King Malachie's table, by partaking of a slight refection underneath these yews. Hunger has almost as many lives as a cat; I endeavour after my poor ability to strangle it three or four times in the day, and yet I fail not to find it alive and merry the next morning.'

The horseman having signified his assent with a gesture, Moyell undid his girdle, and unfolding his long plaided cota, discovered a more abundant supply of provisions, than one might suppose it possible to conceal around the person. He proceeded to place the materials in some kind of order on the grass, making some flat stones, near the leacht, answer the purposes of cups and dishes, while he suffered his tongue (apparently an unquiet member) to run on in continuation.

"I am no descendant or emulator of the Fion Eirin—and have a taste for something more than two meals in the day. Will you not eat, Ollam, and I will attend you? There is some pork so fat, that you cannot find a single streak of odious lean in the whole morsel. It is a dish for the Ard-righ, or was, when we had one, for Malachie is but a shadow. Do not waste time in gazing on that broken bank; you do not think the monarch that was drowned there, will rise from the stream to help you. Honour his memory by act, and not by thought."

The horseman shook his head. "My faithful

follower," said he, "your counsel will not give me the opportunity that is wanted to enable me to follow it. Our land is a huge ruin—I have but a fairy's arm to uplift against the giant tyranny that oppresses her. What room is there for action? What possible hope of assistance or success? Malachie is growing old before his time—but not in wisdom; he has forgot the glorious promise of his youth, and is content to drag out the disgraceful remnant of his days, in gluttony and servitude. The murmurs of our people too, are becoming fainter—they are making friends of their cottage tyrants, and they pay their nose rent without a groan."

"Not so do I," said the daltin; "a tall Dane, with a sparthe in his hand that might have made a mast for a small ship, came to my door and demanded an ora, or its value in kind, for the use of my nose—behold the nose which he rated at a golden ora!" here the daltin laid the tip of his fore-finger on his small cocked nose. "My neighbour, M'Cielan, whose daughter, the blue-eyed Mable, attends the princess Melcha at her

father's court, hath a nose extravagantly large, hooked, and broad-backed, and having nostrils as capacious as those of a young foal. 'How much,' said I, 'have you laid on my neighbour M'Cielan?' 'The same—an ora of gold,' said the Dane. 'Then,' I replied, 'I will pay thee the value of the third of an ora in corn, and no more, until you can procure me the use of as fine a nose as M'Cielan's;—and for paying thee a gold ora—dost thou not know the Ogham?' 'Nay,' he replied, 'that I do not, by my sword.' 'Then,' said I, 'it is a law in the Breighon code, that no man should be compelled to pay in gold, except a king, to which I have no claim, being a simple daltin.' 'Thou art a jolly fellow,' said the Dane, 'and as Thorgils loves a jest, I will venture to let thy nose go free.'"

"Moyell O'Rendall," said the hobbeler, "the habitual velocity to which thy heels have been accustomed in keeping pace with my hobbie yonder, hath communicated itself to thy tongue, and there is nothing more impossible than to meditate for a moment when thou art in presence; thy

body alone is faithful to me.—Would that thy heart would respect the heaviness that lies on mine, as freely as thy body participates in the hunger, the weariness, and the hardship by which my frame is so frequently assailed."

"Dost thou think, then, Ollam the Hobbeler, that, because I eat, I do not feel nor think?—That is the grand error of the nobility; they are taught to undervalue the common resources of nature on extraordinary emergencies. Hunger is with me the result of any strong emotion of the mind;—my appetite strengthens with grief, fear renders me voracious, I raven like a wolf when I am overwhelmed with good fortune, and love famishes me; and for thinking—there is no strengthener of the intellect like a palatable and substantial meal. My ideas are always loose and scattered, and mist-like, while my frame needs sustenance, but the sight of a good meal at once condenses them." Here the speaker began modestly to suit the action to the word and swallowed large portions of the fat pork before mentioned, without deigning to qualify its richness by bread or herb

of any kind, only now and then making certain of its arrival at its destination by generous draughts of the Poictou wine then in use.

"What is thy fare, Moyell?" asked the hobbeler, in whose bosom, or in a less sentimental part of whose frame a spirit of emulation became gradually awakened by the daltin's example.

"There is variety of cheer, Ollam;—behold here some delicious shamrock and cresses, here some wheaten bread baked last evening on a griddle, after the fashion of the Firbolgs; here the mellowest honey in Meath—and for the pork, thou hast it in thine eye."

"I will content myself with the shamrock," said the hobbeler, taking a handful and eating. "What drink hast thou got there?—reach me that wooden cup."

He was in the act of raising it to his lips, when the daltin said, half in soliloquy, "The only good the White Loch Lannochs have ever brought us."

"What?" asked the hobbeler.

"Their ale," he replied; "you hold a cup,

brewed from the wild mountain-heath, in your hand."

The other instantly emptied the vessel into the stream, without tasting a drop, and then filling it with the clear water as it flowed lucidly by his side, said, before he drank, "The brewage of heaven is sweeter than that of the Fionne Gail (white strangers); I had rather drink the cold flood of my native land for ever, than be fed like a willing slave from the table of a Dane."

Moyell dared not reply, but he was totally unable to appreciate the patriotism which had deprived him of his fair portion of the delicious beverage.

Having completed all the ceremonies of their refection, Ollam leaped on his hobbie once more, and Moyell O'Rendall, making fast the leathern girdle which bound his cota, and resuming his brazen-headed dart, prepared to accompany his superior. They pursued their journey through the rich and undulating country which lies on the southern boundary of Armagh; the generous landscape before them having for the framework of

the picture, that range of hills called the Fews, running to the south and west and throwing a soft and shadowy solemnity over the brilliant tints of the interjacent prospect. The scene was mournfully diversified in several places by the half-burnt ruins of a wooden church or monastery; and the blackened gable of one of those peaked and high-roofed houses of worship, which were among the earliest efforts at stone-work made by the native architects. Of these a few yet remain to bear witness alike against the pyrrhonic antiquary who denies the existence of any such improvement in those elder days; and against the enthusiastic one who would find evidence sufficient in an etymological coincidence to persuade us that no such improvement was needed. Here and there, beneath the lofty branches of some towering oak, the humble hut of a native, constructed of a rude mixture of hurdle and clay, and covered with turf sods and rushes, sent its thin wreath of smoke through the branches, already green with the budding leaves of spring; while before its door might be

seen the degraded and humbled betage,* now compelled to work in common in the cultivation of the soil, or in arranging the wolf-skins and peltry of every description which the woods afforded; in order to enable them to meet the heavy impost of bonaght bor, or free quarters at will, which they were compelled to allow to a Danish soldier. The latter perhaps stood lazily by and jeered or insulted the poor cottagers at their toil. The hobbeler hurried through these more populous scenes, as if fearful to trust his temper with the contemplation of the disgraceful and spirit-rousing circumstances which they presented—and in a few moments arrived in a lonely district, presenting an aspect of alternate crag and forest.

The daltin had kept pace with his master in his utmost speed, flinging himself, rather than running along his path, and seeming, when once he had succeeded in putting his frame into rapid motion, to have no other trouble or difficulty than that, merely, of alternating the action of his feet.

* Labourer.

He now called on Ollam, (the name by which, since his rebuke, he addressed the hobbeler,) to take cognizance of a thick smoke which proceeded from the centre of a stately grove of oaks in a small glen on their right.

"The heathen spoilers," said he, "are practising their abominations in the grove. It is their hour of sacrifice."

"Let us hasten forward then," said the other, "there may be sights and sounds upon our path unfit for Christian ears and eyes."

The words were scarcely uttered when a man was seen rushing from the grove of oaks in question, in all the terrified swiftness of eager flight. The white tunic of the Crotaries* flowed loosely behind him, and his bonnet having fallen off, his long hair streamed back towards his pursuer. He had scarcely fled thirty paces from the grove, when another figure, dressed in the Danish jacket and mail shirt, and holding in his hand a long sparthe or species of battle-axe, followed through the same aperture—and bounded fiercely forward in pur-

* Harpers.

suit. The hobbeler and his attendant stopped short, in strong interest, to watch the event. The costume of the Crotarie, as well as his habits of life, unfitted him for successful rivalry with the vigorous and light-limbed Dane; but terror did for him all that nature and education had done for the other. Once or twice the cumbersome folds of his tunic, becoming entangled between his feet, had nearly decided his fortune; and the brazen sparthe of the Dane was already lifted almost within reach of his crown, when a new and despairing effort placed a wider distance than ever between the pursuer and pursued. The latter, in the very delirium and tempest of his fear, having all his senses as acutely alive to all possible modes of rescue, as if it were a moment of placid reflection, caught the figures of the travellers on his left, and sped with new vigour in that direction. As he approached, they heard an occasional incoherent phrase of piety or ejaculation of despair—followed perhaps by a broken or suppressed groaning and painfully audible inhalation of the breath. The same instinctive quickness of perception above

alluded to, enabled him to make his election of a protector between the two; and rushing towards the hobbeler, he clasped his knee firmly, and looked back, panting deeply and rapidly, groaning, staring, murmuring some incomprehensible words, and striking his breast repeatedly with his clenched fingers. The hobbie, astonished at the strange assault, plunged, snorted angrily, and reared up on its haunches—the hobbeler endeavoured to disengage himself—the monk clung closer—Moyell O'Rendall advanced to drag him aside; and in the midst of all this confusion, the Dane darted on the group, and was about to accomplish his intent on the life of the affrighted minstrel, when the voice of the hobbeler, which, thus excited, had in it a tone of authority to which the barbarian paid an involuntary deference, arrested his hand.

"Hold!" exclaimed Ollam, "why wouldst thou shed his blood?"

"He is a Christian!" exclaimed the Dane, "and Odin demands his life."

"But for what cause? The times are peace-

able, and Thorgils will not suffer his death to go unpunished."

"He came in upon our sacrifice, and polluted the sacred grove."

"It was in error!" cried the Crotarie, trembling with terror; "I knew it not—I had missed my path! O save me—protect my life! I am a lost man!"

The hobbeler, with a look of strong pity and disgust combined, turned to the Dane, and said, "He must not die—I am of the court of Malachie, and will answer to Thorgils for his life."

"Huth!" exclaimed the savage, "what hast thou to do between me and my conquest, or what have I to do to trifle with a slave? Look to thine own life."

He was once more about to raise his sparthe, when the hobbeler, whose cheeks seemed on fire while his eyes were filled with the calmness of a just courage, cast a rapid glance around, and then suddenly drawing from beneath his fillead a stone-headed javelin, threw his arm aloft, and launched

it, with a force which made its flight almost invisible, at the Dane. It entered his neck, and tore its passage through—reappearing near the spine. The violent wretch attempted to raise his weapon, but its weight made him stagger, and fall forward. He endeavoured to crawl along the earth towards the object of his rage, while he gasped with the horrid convulsions of death, and his large eyes were almost blinded by the bubbling blood through which they stared. In another moment, however, his frame relaxed a little, and he sunk on his side in the agony of dissolution.

"And now," exclaimed the daltin, "we had best hasten our departure, or we shall have something more to pay than an eric of megbote and manbote."*

Saying these words, he seized the Crotarie by the shoulder and girdle, with both hands, and, lifting him from the earth, by a powerful exertion of muscle, he placed him, in a state of utter ex-

* Fine inflicted for homicide.

haustion, on the hobbie, before his master. He was not, nevertheless, so utterly unconscious as not to be alive to the claims of gratitude.

"Stay!" he said, faintly, "you have no horse —you will be overtaken and destroyed."

"Care not for him," said Ollam, "it is well if our hobbie do as fairly by us as his legs will by him."

Moyell justified the assertion of the hobbeler by bounding forward at a rate which soon left the overloaded animal at a considerable distance behind. The horseman also put the latter to the utmost stretch of its speed, and something more than an hour's riding placed them beyond all visible appearances of danger. They continued their journey, however, at a rapid rate, at the same time that the hobbeler endeavoured, with much difficulty, to maintain a conversation with his musical protégé. It had been long before he could so far conquer his disgust at the excessive fear which the latter had displayed, as to answer a single word to his repeated protestations of gratitude. It was the very first time in his life

the young soldier had had an opportunity of contemplating the helplessness of utter cowardice, under its most despairing exigencies, and the revulsion which the spectacle produced in his whole system was such, that it required the strongest efforts of reason and forbearance to restrain its expression. The trait of grateful generosity, however, which the bard displayed, in his consideration for the safety of the daltin, touched him; and he felt his breast soften into a kindlier disposition, at prospect of, at least, one qualifying virtue, in what his education taught him to consider a mass of baseness.

"I never could have believed, until I beheld it with my own eyes," said he, "that a man could ever have shown so pitiable a love of life as you did but now."

"Do you think then that I seriously set a value on the miserable span which is yet left me to wear out among the tortures and persecutions to which my race is subjected in this unhappy land? Alas, you know but little of my fortunes or my character!"

"Certainly, of your fortunes, little; but do you wish to persuade me that you had no fear of the sparthe of the Loch Lannoch, as you ran from him, and flung yourself at my feet, with so many helpless cries and gestures?"

"I had deep fear of him—but it does not follow that I love life."

"How? This is what you poets and learned disputants call a paradox."

"Canst thou not imagine, since you must know that man is composed of two states or conditions only, unless you hold the false Manichæan doctrine, which supposes a third—canst thou not, I say, imagine it possible for a man to possess all the attributes of courage in the mind, and yet, from some accidental construction of the frame, which is a region beyond the dominion and government of reason, be unable to command its external semblance? I never yet have, and trust I never shall, any more than thyself, forfeit a single duty of my place to the mere consideration of my personal safety; and I will be bold to say, that so tried and so acting, my cowardice will be more

heroic than your natural valour. Thou dost but obey Nature—I overcome her.—When I have set my foot to a post of danger, and have been well convinced that I cannot abandon the same without an abandonment of my moral obligations, the struggle which I have to sustain with the weakness of my nature is such, as thou, with thy mechanical indifference to peril, canst never understand. My mind, as aspiring as thine own might be, is straightway assaulted and well nigh borne down by the tide of uncertain spirits, that flutter and recoil from the fearful prospect of destruction; but it never fails to overcome and act its own part in the despite of difficulties of which thine can have no experience."

"Thou art too keen a sophist for me," said the hobbeler; "all I can comprehend is, that if a man will stand stoutly to all hazards, he is brave —if he run away, he is a coward."

"If he hath nothing to gain by tarrying," said the bard—"I would recommend to him to run, by all means. Try me, if it shall be needful, in any cases where my duty and my

safety shall be at odds one with the other, and thou shalt see me shrink, and moan, and tremble, perchance, for fear—but never yield."

"The feelings which thou describest," said the young hobbeler, who began to look on his companion with a strange and perplexed interest —"I am, and I account myself fortunate therein —wholly unacquainted with. For myself, the first sensation which I experience when the sound of sudden strife, and the clang of a just war, (alas! no longer a stirring sound to the ears of Irishmen,) strikes upon mine ear—is a rapid hurry and retreating of the spirits towards the heart, from which they are again sent forward with a violence that fills every limb and fibre of my frame with fire. But tell me whence thou art? I should say of Munster, from thy dress. Thou hast been educated doubtless, among those learned successors of Saint Senanus, who were burned out of their island cells by the Fionne Gail on their first arrival in our land?"

The regular answered in the affirmative. He had been educated in the community of Innis-

cathy, (the present Scattery,) a small island in the river Shannon, which had been consecrated to the service of heaven, by Saint Senanus. Here he had remained in the exercise of the peaceful duties of his monastic life, until the season of youth had almost gone by, and his lonely though cheerful islet became firmly fixed and associated with all the settled affections of his life.

But he had, though he confessed it not to Ollam, a vile and selfish failing—the vice of sensuality in food. Neither the shame of detection, nor the sense of obedience to the ordinances of his society, nor the natural feeling of decency, prevented his indulging at all times the selfish inclinations of an appetite which he had rendered luxurious and depraved. By yielding to this un manly passion, he abated the vigour of his genius, and drew upon himself the frequent censure of his instructors. He deprived himself, likewise, of that free and peaceful feeling, which retirement gave to his companions. They were all necessarily a society of intimates, and no single member, but he, was doomed to that dreariest

feeling by which the heart can be oppressed—the loneliness in crowds which the unhappy being must experience, who wanders without friend or home, amid the strange bustle and merriment of the reckless world. The unruffled surface of their gentle island life was fated to experience a change—a stormy and a dark one.

On a still summer evening, the monks of Inniscathy were assembled, according to their usual practice, in the church, the ruins of which still arrest the attention of the traveller. The lofty round-tower threw its heavy and strongly-defined shadow over the shore, and along the glassy and eddying waters; and the crotarie, Eagna, was appointed to keep watch beside the tomb of the founder of their order, (the *laba-Senaan*, or Sinon's bed, yet visible in the centre of the islet). He gazed on the setting sun, and joined for a time in spirit rather than in voice with the chorus of the regulars in the adjoining chauntry. The effect of the sounds, as they vibrated over the still evening landscape, interrupted occasionally by pauses and sudden falls, was exquisitely soft and

persuasive. The scene was diversified by the lonely and obtrusive scream of the sea-gull, as its light and feathery bulk seemed to float upon the slanting beams, while a number of puffins and sea-pies were seen diving and re-appearing on the illumined surface of the noble stream, or skimming along the plain of water in rapid and undeviating flights.

But Eagna, who had drunk deep unknown to his superiors, found it impossible to keep off the assaults of sleep, though the destruction of his brethren might be the consequence. The expanse of water before him was sufficiently extensive to enable all the monks to quit the island before a descent could take place, for the barks of the invaders might be discerned at the distance of many miles. But the watcher, oppressed by the influence of wine, sunk down upon his post and slept profoundly.

Awaking too late, he raised his eyes and looked toward the mouth of the river. He beheld, within a short distance, a vast number of *currachs*, or small craft, advancing swiftly in the direction of

the island, and darkening the face of the Shannon to a considerable extent. The young recluse, totally at a loss to conjecture what the nature and object of the expedition might be, remained with his eyes fixed in helpless wonderment upon the fleet, until the foremost of the currachs had advanced sufficiently near to enable him to discern the dress and appearance of their crews. They were filled with men, all well-armed with shields, sparthes, (a species of battle-axe,) jackes, and mail-shirts; a costume entirely strange to the eyes of Eagna, and which he was only enabled to appropriate correctly, when his glance fell on a banner that hung flagging in the dead calm over the prow of one of the small vessels. It displayed the figure of a raven—a fatal sign to the islanders on many occasions during the past century. The massacre of Beanchoir,* the burning of its extensive monastery, and all the excesses which had made Ireland ring since the first landing of the Danish savages, flashed in an instant upon the mind of Eagna, and filled him with terror. He

* Bangor.

started from the place, like a scared wild-bird, and fled toward the church in which the monks were assembled, exclaiming with all his might—"The white strangers! the white strangers! the Fionne Gail!"

All was horror and confusion in one moment. The anthem ceased; the choristers rushed from the chauntry; the sound of the warbling cruit* (the favourite instrument of the clergy) was hushed in an instant; the bells of the monastery were rung; the buabhall, or huge wooden trumpet, was sounded from the top of the round-tower; the monks fled in different directions; some flung themselves in an utter abandonment of horror at the foot of the altar; while others, obeying the first instinctive impulse, ran towards the open porch, at the entrance of which they were met by the invaders, and slaughtered without mercy. The shouts and yells of the savages mingled with the cries of entreaty and groans of anguish that were uttered by their victims, broke in with a fearful violence upon the profound and sweet serenity of

* A small portable harp.

the even-fall, and were echoed back again and again from the surrounding hills. The earthen floor of the church was sodden with the blood of the helpless and unresisting regulars, while the Danes, after glutting their barbarous thirst of carnage to satiety, now rushed in a body to the cells and dwelling chambers of the fraternity. Here they sought with eager rapacity for the instruments with which they usually sealed their works of devastation—the torch and the faggot.

A few of the monks, while the invaders were yet busy in their work of destruction, had gained the shore of the little islet, and loosening one or two of the currachs of their spoilers, committed themselves to the direction of the tide, which was rapidly advancing. Eagna was amongst the number of those who escaped as far as the water's edge, and he had laid his hand on the edge of the boat for the purpose of embarking, when he suddenly recollected that their aged Abbot lay bedridden in the dormitory of one of the eleven churches, somewhat more removed from the immediate scene of carnage than the others. The

old man had been to Eagna a fatherly protector, and kind friend, and his heart revolted at the idea of deserting him in this awful strait. He bade his companions save themselves and depart (a request which he had no occasion to repeat a second time), and then flinging off his tunic, in order that his limbs might have the freer play, he flew towards the chamber of the old Abbot, by a course best calculated to ensure him against any contact with the barbarians. He burst in the door of the cell, and found the old man lying on his rush pallet, unable to move, and expressing on his wasted and flaccid countenance the horror with which the unusual sounds that filled the islet had inspired him. He attempted, as Eagna entered, to raise his head, which was sunk by age and disease between his lean and projecting shoulders, and laid his bony and stringy hands feebly together, lifting his eyes toward him with an effort, and with an expression of ghastly entreaty in his features. The young man, without tarrying to explain his motives or intentions, seized his

feeble superior in his arms, and bore him on his shoulders through the door of the cell and into the open air. Fortunately, the spoilers had not yet concluded their ravages in the adjacent buildings, so that their way to the shore was yet unobstructed. Eagna placed the abbot in the stern of one of the currachs, and putting away from the shore, sped as rapidly as the strong current and his imperfect skill enabled him, toward the small projecting island of Tarbert on the south side of the river. The distance was far, however, and the night had fallen before they had proceeded half a mile from the island.

Suddenly, the grey and sober moonlight tint which enveloped the land and quivered on the face of the waters, was chequered by a broad and deep red glare, that gradually rose from the island, until at length the whole concave of heaven in that direction was illumined by the horrid brightness, and the Shannon rolled with the hue of blood against its shores. The island seemed wrapt in flame, and the figures of the incendiaries might

be clearly discerned moving to and fro, their darkened persons thrown out in strong relief against the up-rushing tide of fire. Thin flakes of the sheeted element might be seen hovering far above the burning pile, like leaves of beaten gold, and floating off with a tremulous motion, into the surrounding gloom. When, after looking on this fearful spectacle, Eagna turned his eyes on the broad disk of the moon, it seemed white, lustreless, and ghastly, and the objects along the adjacent shores, which before were clearly visible, appeared now to be wrapt in a mantle of impenetrable darkness. His attention was attracted by the voice of his aged companion, who made a strong effort to render himself audible where Eagna sat.

"The words of our founder are about to be fulfilled," the old man muttered feebly; "and I have lived to see it. Child, thou rememberest the inspired saying of our great Senanus to Comgellus of Bannagher, when entreated to declare the future destinies of the land:—

"No bells shall in our steeples ring,
No monk and choir in our alleys sing—
Inniscathy hurled from glory,
Shall bear witness of this story.
Aghure without altars standing,
No prelate in Clonfert commanding:
Then dearest friends must part and sever,
In despair to meet for ever!"

"Father," said Eagna, "is not that the voice of the brother Flaithri. They are murdering the good old man! O, hear his cries!—may heaven fortify his heart to the martyrdom, to which I have doomed him!"

The feeble abbot was perfectly absorbed in the one idea, which had broken in upon his mind—the fulfilment of the prophecy, popularly attributed to the founder of his order—and continued repeating to himself portions of the poem, unheeding, and indeed unhearing the address of the monk, the shouts of the distant spoilers, and the despairing cries of their few remaining victims.

"In that world, wither'd and old,
Charity will grow chilling cold;
Love and friendship shall be strangers,
Between kinsmen bloody dangers;
Pale-faced abstinence and watches,
Changed to surfeits and light catches!

"Oh, Eagna," he cried, "cover mine eyes, that I may not behold the destruction of my children!"

Eagna gently laid a fold of the poor abbot's tunic over his face and eyes, and resumed his labour at the oar. In a few minutes afterwards, finding that the lips of his old friend had ceased to murmur over the verses, which seemed to him so applicable to the time, he raised the vesture again—but the abbot was dead.

"Figure to yourself, the horror of my situation," said the Crotarie, after he had communicated the foregoing details to the hobbeler, without mentioning his fault; "but an hour before, quietly seated in my home, with no more feasible prospect of a change of fortune or residence, than the island itself in which I dwelt; the sun setting exactly in the same manner as I had seen it do for

the twenty years preceding—the evening service, and all the circumstances of the day close, proceeding in the same monotonous mode which I had been accustomed to witness from my childhood; and in one brief hour, I sat alone in the centre of the wide stream in a Danish currach, with the corpse of my aged superior at my feet, and lighted on my midnight course by the conflagration of our eleven churches!—I rowed forwards with all my strength, and in a little time ran the vessel ashore on the eastern side of the island, after which I removed the body of the poor abbot on shore, and having ascertained the total extinction of life, gave it such burial as the place and circumstances afforded.

"Since that time, I have been wandering over the land in fear and in want, hiding from the savages who seemed to have conspired for the annihilation of our race, in raths and duns, and fed scantily, and at the peril of their lives, by the beatachs,* who have not yet forgotten their an-

* A class of persons who were allowed tracts of land, for the

cient habits of hospitality, although the means of indulging it have been long since torn from their hands. Frequently, in the stillness of evening, when I sit among the rocks, while my eyes wander over the ruins of happier days, and my heart struggles to subdue its recollections, the voices of my murdered friends seem once more sounding in my ears—I hear the warbling of the gentle cruit, and a sudden weight oppresses my spirits, so sorrowful and overpowering, that I wonder why my reason has not long since given away beneath the agony of the illusion. It was in a famished and exhausted state, that I came this morning into the grove of the runner of Odin. I refreshed myself with the offerings which I found on the rude stone altar, for I knew not the intention with which they had been placed there. Yet there is something tells me, that the black hair will not be grey upon thy brow, nor will my fair locks be laid at rest in the lap of earth, until the oppressions of our people are removed. But I perceive thou bearest a

purpose of enabling them to keep open house, for the support of distressed natives and strangers.

cruit about thee, we are now within four hours' easy riding of the fort, and we may not find it easy (at least I may not) to procure admission before the bustle of the coshering has commenced. Danish ears are far from us yet; give me a taste of thy skill, I have been accounted no ill performer myself in our island monastery."

"With all my heart," said the hobbeler, "here is a song of the goltraighi,*—I shall only need your assistance to bear me out in the cronan.†—Let me hear your voice—Good! Diermod, Melcha's sickly harper, would call that a note for a stuic."‡

After running his fingers swiftly over the strings of the instrument which hung at his breast, and from which a sound arose scarcely so loud as that of a modern guitar, but warbling and many-toned as an aviary of small birds—the hobbeler and his companion sung, as they slowly journeyed on through a scene of lonely crag and woodland, the following stanzas :—

* The pathetic mode, one of the measures of old Irish music.

† Bass. ‡ A kind of large trumpet.

I.

Why weepest thou, Erin? why droop thy green bowers?
Why flows all in purple the wave of Callain?
Why sink thy young maidens like rain-laden flowers?
Why hush'd are their songs on the desolate plain?
Ruin and sorrow are o'er them spread—
Revel, and freedom, and mirth are fled.

II.

Hath the demon of pestilent airs been out
To taint the sweet breath of thy mountain gales?
To scatter his death-breathing vapours about,
And wave his dark wings o'er thy blooming vales?
Like the wind that moans in the winter bowers,
Blasting the fairest of Health's young flowers.

III.

No—poison and pestilence have no share
In the ruin that moulders our strength away—
Happy are those who breathe that air,
And die at the sight of their hope's decay.
But the ocean breezes fan our skies—
The plague spirit tastes their breath and dies.

IV.

But a demon more deadly—the Norman has flown
From his lonely hills*—so chilling and grey.
He has left his rude mountains of heath and stone,
For the fairest that bloom in the light of day—

* Men of the cold hills: the ancient epithet given to the Danes.

And Erin has dropp'd her shield and sword,
And wears the yoke of a heathen lord.

V.

The blood of the royal—the blood of the brave—
Are blent with the billows of dark Callain—
Our king is a gay and gilded slave—
And ours are the ruins that blot the plain.
The Raven of Denmark is seen on our walls,
And the shout of the spoiler is loud in our halls.

VI.

Weep on, then, lost island! thy honours have fled
Like the light on a lake that is troubled and broken—
Thy Snake* hath hid his coward head—
The words of thy grief and shame are spoken.
Thou hast not left one lingering light
To bless with a promise thy cheerless night.

"I see," said the monk, "that your fingers have not been always busy with the sword and javelin; but I would say a word against that concluding prophecy, were it not that I behold, afar off, the signs of recent warfare."

As they rode out of the wood, they discovered that this was indeed the case. The revolution of Malachie had taken place on the preceding night,

* Harp and Snake—the national standard.

and fire and sword had been sent through all the dwellings of the Danes. Understanding that the monarch had proceeded with his victorious troops in the direction of Armagh, Ollam and his companion immediately retraced their steps, and soon after noon found themselves in the neighbourhood of the oaken grove where they had met.

The afternoon was close and sultry, when they arrived at the ruined hamlet of a Danish colony, at the foot of the Fews. They had journeyed almost the whole of the preceding morning without taking food or drink of any kind, and they were both almost in the last stage of exhaustion. The hobbeler, however, was unwilling to pause in his journey for any considerable period. He was to deliver his errand immediately to Malachy, and the King was yet far distant.

"I can go no farther," said the Crotarie, descending from the hobbie, and leaning against the hurdle wall of a hut; "I have no errand to give, and I will go no further until I am less thirsty."

"But where should we look for it here?" ask-

ed his companion, "the place is desolate. The arms of Malachy have made the houses tenantless; and, although the doors are open, there is neither welcome nor refreshment."

A rough deep voice from the ruined shieling answered him: "What O'Melachlin has left me," said the concealed person, "you are welcome to share with me—although you carry the arms of the spoiler."

They turned, and beheld a pale man, having a singular likeness to the vanquished Dane, and with a slight streak of blood on his face, standing in the doorway. He held towards the hobbeler a cup of mead, and said, "It is not six hours since your brethren entered my hut, and left me wifeless and childless, by my hearthstone. This is all that I have to offer you. There is death on my floor, or I would bid you enter."

The hobbeler took the draught, and was about to lift it to his lips, when the eye of his companion met his own. There was an irresistible entreaty in the glance.

"My bowels are on fire," he said, "and yet I

will not drink, my friend, until you have tasted. Here, take the cup, but drain it not to the dregs—I burn since I saw the liquor. One mouthful will save my life, and in mercy leave me that!"

"In mercy leave him that!" echoed the Dane.

The selfish nature of the Crotarie prevailed over his better feeling. He not only accepted the cup, but held it to his lips until the last drop had left the vessel. As he raised his eyes, a singular expression on the features of the Dane made his heart bound with fear.

"I have but one!" exclaimed the giver of the drink, "the churl has cheated me of the better life. What, you feel it sting you already? You are meat for worms, young fool—my draught was poisoned! I have lessened the number of my country's foes, and repaid the thrust that killed my brother on this morning. I know you both—I saw you murder him!"

Saying this, he flung his mantle open, and showed a wound, so ghastly that it left even the entrails visible. The action destroyed him, and he fell without a murmur.

The generous hobbeler supported his companion to the neighbouring bank, but it was a corpse that he laid upon the flowers. He sunk on his knees, and remained overwhelmed with sudden grief; horror, detestation, and gratitude—all taking, alternately, tumultuous possession of his spirit. He lived long after in the service of his prince, and the recollection of the miserable death of the sensualist confirmed him in those habits of self-denial, to which he owed his life.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Intellect.

CHAPTER XIV.

Of the Intellect.

I HAVE now, my dear Cyriac, described to you all that is known by scientific men of those five senses by which the groundwork of all our external knowledge is transmitted to the mind. The ideas which they furnish are however few and simple, in comparison with the vast store of information which the human intellect is capable of containing. The power of perceiving those ideas, of retaining and reproducing them, of combining them into new forms, and thus multiplying them to infinity, of inferring from them certain abstract conclusions and rules of conduct, and of acting on, or against those rules, are all attributed to the mind itself; and these several faculties are

denominated perception, memory, imagination, judgment, will. Concerning the nature of those qualities, science has been continually putting forth conjectures; but most men are agreed that the ablest of those theories is rather calculated to afford amusement by its ingenuity than to elucidate the original mystery.

Let us examine an occurrence in which all the faculties above-mentioned are exerted. Suppose Automathes, after he has seen fire for the first time, and burned his hand through ignorance of its quality, for the first time likewise beholds a pool of water. Perception here informs him of its presence. Having no doubt of its solidity, he is about to walk upon it, when Memory reproduces the idea of the strange body which burned him the day before, and the idea of his ignorance which induced him to examine it too rashly. Imagination combines those ideas with that of the new object, and suggests the idea of some new power in the latter and probable danger connected with it. Judgment infers from this, that it will be more prudent to abstain from going within the

danger of the new object until its nature and powers are fully understood. The Will of Automathes acts on this conclusion, and he is saved from drowning. This is a pure and abstract deduction of the reason, of which no instance has ever been observed in animals beneath the human species.

One proof of the superior and independent excellence of this lofty endowment may be found in the fact that the brute creation have got the senses in far greater perfection than man, and yet their external knowledge is a blank in comparison with his. A raven can scent its prey at a distance of many leagues; a hog can smell a truffle that is buried under the earth; an eagle can see an object with distinctness at the distance of several miles; the fall of a leaf cannot escape the ear of a sleeping hare; the polypus, says Dumeril, is capable of perceiving light itself by its fineness of touch; most quadrupeds are enabled to distinguish more accurately between wholesome and poisonous herbs than the most accomplished and laborious botanist: and yet by the power of his intellect alone, man is able to triumph over the compara-

tive deficiency of his senses, and with inferior modes of acquiring knowledge to rise to that prodigious superiority which he possesses.

The government of the senses is easy in comparison with that of the intellect; but its government is most essential to our welfare in this world and in the next. In order fully and thoroughly to understand all that I have hitherto been saying of sense, and of its objects and uses, as well as those of the mind itself, let me conclude the introductory chapter of this volume, with a sketch of the real character and destinies of the perfect Christian; without, however, entering into the great mysteries of the church, which, however holy and essential, are too sacred for discussion in such a work as this, and from the pen of a Layman.

The whole force and beauty of this character (so rare on earth) may be comprised in his motive. This motive is the purest of which human nature is capable—the motive of love. His religion teaches him that a being infinitely virtuous, infinitely powerful, and infinitely wise, has created him by the unaided force of his will, and placed him in this life, in order that by the formation of

a perfectly virtuous character, he might earn for himself an eternity of ineffable felicity. To enable him to deserve this happiness, he has given him a will, perfectly free to choose between good and evil, for there could be no merit in his embracing virtue, if he had not been free to follow vice. This free will, while it is exposed on the one side to those temptations, by which its virtue is tried and perfected, is on the other assisted by the upholding power of divine grace. This grace is a gift of heaven, administered to man according to his necessities, and its price is earnest and persevering prayer. To try his FAITH, his HOPE, and his CHARITY, or pure love of God, the Creator suffers him to struggle here, through the temptations of life, in a degree of uncertainty with respect to his future existence, which at the same time stimulates him to exertion, and increases the merit of his fidelity. Those three great virtues, which beyond all others have an immediate and exclusive reference to the Deity, are thus perfected amidst the temptations of doubt, of distrust, and of selfishness. To assist him in this pursuit of virtue, he has also received a mind, gifted with the

various faculties above enumerated, all of which however are in their nature fallible, and therefore continually in aid of the assistance of those lights which are administered to it, by the revealed law of God, and of his church; assisted in all the minute and individual details of conduct, by the light of a conscience carefully cherished, of that inward truth which is lighted in his bosom, and fed by constant prayer and meditation. This is not the sensual enthusiasm of the fanatic, nor the false and self-formed conscience of the neglectful and tepid Christian, which sanction alike extravagancies that contradict the law, and indulgences which fall short of it. It is a pure and steady light, burning in the soul of the fervent adorer, pouring its lustre on the more obscure details of duty, and making them harmonize with the doctrines and the precepts of his church. It is that clear and stainless light, which the soul knows to be true, which the reason sanctions, and the judgment approves; which the heart is bound to love, and the will to obey. He has likewise been endowed with affections, passions, and senses, capable of subjecting his virtue to the severest tests;—

his PRUDENCE is tried by passion, his JUSTICE by self-interest, his FORTITUDE by affliction, and his TEMPERANCE by the allurements of sense. And those four cardinal virtues, which have a distinct reference to his self-government with respect to things created, are attainable by the same great and infallible means of prayer and unflinching vigilance. There are other virtues more directly concerning the conduct of the Christian towards his fellow man, which, no less than those before named, are essential to the perfection of his character, and form part of the end of his creation. Knowing himself a created being, and therefore necessarily dependent, he makes it his study to learn his own place in the creation; to know the illimitable distance between the Creator and himself; and, from this study, he derives strong reasons for a most profound HUMILITY. This is not that ostentatious humility which appears in a cringing and hypocritical use of self-humiliating gestures and words in our intercourse with others, but that serene and clear-sighted and dispassioned humility which consists in a simple and heartfelt conviction

of our own helplessness and utter ignorance—a virtue which is highly generous, since it seeks to render all its dignity to its Creator; clear-sighted, since it fully sees his infinite superiority; and grateful, since it returns all there from whence all proceeded. But this essential virtue is subject to the temptation of a nature abounding in the suggestions of a rebellious pride, which it is the Christian's task to conquer. In like manner his LIBERALITY is tried by the suggestions of a grasping covetousness; his all-embracing BROTHERLY LOVE by a spirit of envy, equally a part of his nature; his serene MEEKNESS by the instigations of an anger and impatience easily aroused, his MODERATION in food by the allurements of an appetite which is never satisfied with what is merely sufficient; his PURITY of thought and conduct, by the enticements of guilty passion; and his DEVOTIONAL VIGILANCE and labour by the assaults of indolence. What a toil! what an incessant exertion appears to be necessary for the active cultivation of all these virtues! And yet even they do not complete the Christian's character.

He is yet on earth, and can only manifest his love of his Creator, in act, by a kind attention to the wants of his creatures. This, therefore, forms an essential portion of his duty, and he takes upon him to execute, as far as it lies within his power, all the works of mercy which he can render, whether to his spiritual or corporeal nature. HE FEEDS THE HUNGRY AND THIRSTY. His own food is simple and sparing, and he shares the superfluity with those whom Providence, for its own secret purposes, has doomed to hunger and to thirst. HE CLOTHES THE NAKED. His own attire is plain, though without formality, and he would deem it criminal to expend on unnecessary ornament any portion of his wealth, while there remained, within the circle of his influence, a single human being unprovided with needful clothing. HE HARBOURS THE HARBOURLESS. If heaven has blesthim with a roof and resting place, he never refuses to open his door to shelter those whom heaven has left without a home on earth. HE VISITS THE SICK. Gifted with that best and happiest of earthly blessings, a vigorous health, he forgets not those whom the

Creator has laid on the bed of suffering, and he affords them the consolation of his presence and of soothing words. HE REDEEMS THE CAPTIVE. Himself enjoying all the happiness of corporeal freedom, he does all that he can to terminate or lighten the confinement of those whom either the chance of war, or commercial reverses, or the perpetration of crime, has left to pine in durance. HE BURIES THE DEAD. He renders to the departed, with decent feeling, that last holy office which is administered to the Christian on earth; and in which he no longer takes a part, as before, but only appears, a cold and lifeless figure, about to pass away from the scene where his task is ended.

Such are a few of the works of mercy which the Christian deems it necessary to administer to his fellow men in their corporeal necessities; but there are some of a still higher order, and requiring a still greater discretion and a purer zeal for their discharge. HE GIVES COUNSEL TO THE DOUBTFUL. Whenever, on the authority of office, of age, of friendship, or of natural con-

nexion, he may express his thoughts with freedom to those whom he sees wavering on a point of duty. HE INSTRUCTS THE IGNORANT, not in the cold and useless theories of scientific speculation, but in those solid principles of duty, the observance of which is to be the price of eternal happiness. HE ADMONISHES SINNERS, where their fault is obvious, and where circumstances give him an authority; but he avoids judging rashly upon the motives of others, and he bestows far more pains on correcting evil in himself than on reproving it in his neighbour. HE BEARS AFFLICTIONS PATIENTLY. Not only those afflictions which Providence sends him for the exercise of his patience and his confidence, but also those self-denials with respect to the use of time and of unnecessary pleasures, which his obedience to the law of God and his duty to his fellow-men exact from him. For he knows that it is rarely mankind suffer from the self-denial of individuals; and that individual will be always surest and readiest to do them a service and to make sacrifices for them, who is careful to waste no more of his time in pleasure than is absolutely neces-

sary for the continuance of his health, and for the enabling him, by moderate relaxation, to return to his labours with a greater ardour and vigour. His own experience tells him, that all mere pleasure is of a dangerously enervating and seductive character, and that the more he continues gradually to unchain himself from the enchantments of sense, the purer are his thoughts and feelings, the simpler his understanding, the more spiritual and independent of the world are all his motives and his conduct. And, lastly, he offers up frequent and fervent PRAYER for all those objects which the law of God and his church prescribe to him. A created being, he knows and feels that he is dependent, and by the fervour of love and gratitude he makes obedience lighter than liberty, or rather transforms it into the best and purest freedom. This is indeed the highest motive of religion; the spotless, stainless, unselfish motive, the love of the Almighty for his own amiable sake, as the origin and perfection of all amiability, which it requires such labour to attain, such care to preserve, and which is so inestimably precious when he has attained it. If doubt assails him,

on the contemplation of what his human nature considers evil in the world around, he represses the unworthy suggestion of distrust; he remembers God's goodness to himself; he looks on the fair side of creation; he considers the fallible nature of his reason, and the essential incomprehensibilities which are contained in the minutest and most worthless objects which he sees; he compares the lives of the faithful with the lives of the godless; he calls to mind the nature of perfection itself, of which sinful man has but a dim idea; he remembers that virtue is the end of man's existence on earth; that trial and suffering are necessary to virtue; that nothing is really evil but sin, and nothing truly good in the creation except virtue; that infidelity in those who have ever held the true faith, is passion and not reason; that doubt is not a purely intellectual action, but has its origin most frequently in the temper, in spiritual indolence, and in lukewarm feeling; that it depends much on self-formed peculiarities of character in different individuals; that many doubt, as the worldly religious believe, without knowing

wherefore; and that the least which a Christian owes to his faith, is to measure his doubts by it, and not measure it by his doubts; that all, beyond it, is uncertainty, distraction, and vain and feeble struggles at enquiry, which the remaining efforts of merely natural virtues are unable to restore to order; that all, within it, is peace, security, repose, and wisdom; that the true Christian alone feels no responsibility for, no dread of the erroneousness of his opinions; that they are always more firmly convincing to his mind, and dear to his heart in proportion as death draws near, and the world and the passions relinquish their hold of him; and above all, feeling the obvious justice of assisting a fallible reason, by an appeal to the infallible God that made it, he prays with fervour and with that wise humility which consists in a clear knowledge and feeling of his own station and necessities. He is heard—light descends upon his soul—and his tranquillity is re-established. You may judge for yourself how much more elevated, and more pure a motive of action is this holy interchange of benefits conferred on the part of the

Creator, and of filial love and gratitude on that of the created, than any which the schools of merely human morality have ever established. And this high and generous motive is merely consonant to a common idea of justice, for it is merely right and no more, that the origin of all goodness and felicity should be entitled to our first love, and that for his sake, our neighbour should be considered by us in exactly the same light as ourselves. The law does not exact from us that we should love him better, for that would be unjust and partial, as we are equally the objects of God's benevolence. But this extreme is so seldom committed that it is not necessary to dwell upon it.

Such is, briefly sketched, the character of the true Christian—that character which is capable of being perfected in any station of life, provided that station be chosen by him with a reference to the will of Providence, and not by passion or ambition—for in the latter case, the difficulty indeed becomes prodigious. On the throne, in the legislature, in the court, in the camp, in the walks of

commerce, or in the shades of learned retirement, in the houses of the nobly born, or in the cottages of the poor, experience has taught men that the Christian character may be formed and preserved, that power may be wielded without pride or injustice, that wealth may be used without the love of wealth, that his silent austerities, secret sacrifices for others, and secret self-denials known only to Heaven and to himself, may make the man of rank a truer Christian sufferer than the murmuring child of poverty; that his earnest wishes for the good of others, and his conformity to the will of Heaven may render the contented child of want a more truly charitable being than the man of rank, who endows numerous institutions with his riches, but who wants the availing motive, the love of God above all things. Were all the world true Christians, no one would be found to complain of the injustice of Providence; for though there might be external differences of rank and fortune, the secret motives and the silent feelings of the soul would make them truly equal. The souls of men would inhabit earth, as if moving in a masquerade; and

care little whether, for the short span of life, they were masked in the bodies of peasants or of peers, provided that their parts were played correctly.

And since, in presenting an outline of this character, I have spoken of Christian humility, I wish more minutely to dwell upon this point, for it seems that mistaken notions upon it constitute a leading error of our day, more especially among those persons who indulge in free and sceptical opinions.

The continual changes which take place in our conclusions, (as we vainly name those deductions in which nothing is concluded,) on many subjects —the infinite degree of knowledge necessary to enable our reason to arrive at a fixed opinion which no new experience can ever shake, the secret history of the errors and deceptions of our own intellect and senses, the tossed and agitated state of feeling in which the soul remains after it has fallen into a state of scepticism: all these things lead man to suspect that Truth is to be obtained by some other power than any from reason down to sense—that it enters not by the Eyes,

nor by the Ears, nor by the Touch, nor the Taste, nor the Smell, nor by the tactics of the schools, but that it comes, (like the γνωθι σεαυτον) direct from heaven—that it is, in its nature, a pure and stainless quality, which is inconsistent with the slightest mingling of earthly passions or of earthly interests; and to obtain which we must reduce our human and selfish nature almost to a state of extinction, to that state which the sacred writings beautifully and exactly liken to the condition of "a little child." —Truth is in itself essentially simple, and an entire simplicity of mind is necessary to know and to receive it. Now, it is a common error among thinking sceptics, (and the names of many talented writers might be quoted in support of this assertion,) to mistake the nature of Christian humility, of that natural awe and holy filial fear which the Christian feels towards the Omnipotent Father, and to regard it as a degradation and an injustice to our own reason; and this opinion (to show how loose are sometimes the judgments of the infidel,) is entertained not merely by the atheist, but by those who believe in the existence of a

God. To the devout Christian it may appear surprising that any person should think it a meanness to fear God; but, suppressing all astonishment, let us see on which side of the question reason herself will bestow her voice. That soul, indeed, will hardly be relieved from the charge of baseness, whom the mere dread of evil consequences to himself, the selfish fear of "the bigot's ready hell," alone induces to come trembling to the foot of God's altar, and there to utter sentiments which neither his will, nor his judgment, nor any portion of his being except the passion of unreasonable fear, admits. Christianity, in truth, has no need of such cowardly proselytes or adherents. She rejects—she spurns such selfish tremblers from her bosom—she demands the sacrifice of higher, nobler, and more generous motives. But while the true Christian avoids this dastardly feeling on the one hand, (a feeling useful indeed to arouse the long-lost sinner, but by no means sufficient to justify him), he is on the other hand careful not to mistake his own place in the scale of creation. He bears in mind,

that if on the one hand, mere fear be an unworthy and insufficient motive (even when belief is sincere) yet on the other, an unreasonable pride is exceedingly absurd and ridiculous. Vanbrugh, the immoral Vanbrugh, has written one moral sentence in the midst of one of the grossest comedies that have disgraced the literature of England. It is where, with inimitable satire, he makes Sir John Brute congratulate himself upon the loss of his religious terrors. "Oh, I was a great *coward* then.—I used to go to church regularly, and say my prayers morning and evening; but now I'm free!"—I am afraid I misquote the exact words, but it is of little consequence, and in good truth I have little curiosity to refer to the book. In the world, no character is considered more truly comical than his, who takes upon himself airs of superiority to which he has no pretension. But this error, when taken into the concerns of eternity acquires so prodigious a magnitude, and makes the folly appear so infinite, that one would die with laughing at such a character, if charity did not rather make him weep. And moreover when we

consider the ingratitude which such conduct manifests, it rather moves our horror and shocks our sense of justice. The reply of Colonel Gardiner when challenged to fight a duel, might be applied with some fitness to the sentiments of the Christian upon this point :—

> " I fear not man, nor devil—but (though odd)
> I'm not ashamed to own, I fear my God."

For the finite and created being to defy the infinite and uncreated, is a folly which has nothing at all grand or admirable about it, but is merely absurd and wonderful. The soul errs dangerously therefore who mistakes that fear, which is " the beginning of wisdom," for a meanness which disgraces it—who despises for baseness what is merely justice, and rejects for a vice that which is a gift of a God, still willing to recall his rebellious servant to himself. To say nothing of the fact that his obstinacy will not relieve him from it, for though he veils that fear, as he believes, from the eyes of his fellow men, and thus drags others to destruction after him, by steeling him-

self to a semblance of right motive in his error, yet he fears in secret, and the spiritual world from whom he cannot hide, deride and laugh at him. Besides, what self-sufficiency in a soul which has once degraded itself by sin to think any humiliation too mean for its endurance! He was not too grand to commit sin, but he is a great deal too grand to humble himself and acknowledge it! That holy fear, which is the gate to holy love, appears to him too lowly a threshold for his fine and mighty soul to pass! And he prefers his own pride to the Christian's humility—a pride, which suffers him to grovel in all the degradation of sensual enjoyment, before a humility which lifts him above the earth, and spiritualizes his nature even while it continues wrapt in sensual matter! But so it is with the apostate unbeliever. Like a bad surgeon, he kills Christianity first within his soul by his own indolence and neglect, and then he makes it a subject for dissection. But it is the Almighty, and not man, that can convince such reasoners; and it only shows how very necessary to the perception of truth is that preparatory state of

humble self-examination, of abstinence from pride and passion, and self-interest, which is before recommended. The true Christian avoids this foolish and fatal error. He is not too proud to fear reasonably and wisely, and he pities that pride of the revolted spirit, which he knows is blind, because it overcalculates its own powers; selfish, because it seeks for itself an unreasonable degree of importance; and ungrateful, because it refuses homage to him who is its origin and end. One thing, at least, would appear to be only reasonable conduct on the part of the infidel, and that is, that since he is a sceptic only, since he only doubts religion, he would at least refrain from assailing, either by word or work, what, he admits, may, after all, be the truth. It is not that I think so meanly of the truth as to suppose that any human argument can ever shake the faith of the fervent Christian; but experience tells us that the lukewarm and the negligent may be led away by a straw.

The unfortunate Shelley, standing in an Italian church, said to some friend—"What a divine reli-

gion would be found out, if charity were made its principle instead of faith!" Indeed it is mournful to see how freely all those people censured what they did not at all understand; but it is not necessary to say much of their fanciful notions, for their writings and lives remain to constitute their own refutation.* However, I would humbly ask of any who may now hold the same opinion, what is Christianity but a religion of love? Its professors, indeed, are, for the most part, worldly and cold; but

* As a proof that infidelity is not less liable to prejudice than bigotry itself, we might quote the instance of Lord Byron, (an infidel poet, greatly to be pitied for his errors), whose acquaintance with the scriptures was not so "intimate" as his biographer, Mr. Moore, supposes. For he asserts, in his preface to "Cain," (catching up the idea, perhaps, from a loose recollection that Warburton had written a book on the subject), that the Old Testament contains no reference to the immortality of the soul! Whereas it abounds with them, not even excepting the Pentateuch itself, which is the subject of Warburton's defence. It is lamentable to think how far this error, the offspring of indolence and vanity, might have influenced him in assailing and deriding religion. Indeed, as to the question of prejudice, (or that predilection in the heart which arises from passion and self-will), infidels and bigots may, for the most part, go together.

what are its tenets? And what would all men be if they were truly fervent in its practice? Is it not all founded and fed on love? No honest Christian can ever inflict wrong on the affections of another, can ever be untrue to his social relations, for his fellow man and himself are blended by the spirit of his faith into one cause and interest—the interest of the Creator. His whole life is a series of sacrifices to his God and to his neighbour. Even his zeal against the enemies of his church is not the zeal of the fanatic, which denounces crime with much of hatred for the offence, but little of pity or goodwill for the offender. His is the zeal of sympathy and love. Looking up to Heaven himself as the ruling aim of his existence, he seeks to draw all men thither along with him, and dares not cast off even the most unworthy. His religion is not merely of that sentimental and fanciful kind which expends, in vain and indiscreet controversy, among his companions, that fervour which ought to be economised for the purpose of lessening the arduousness of practice; and which is so little capable of holding out

against external temptation, or that spiritual aridity which is thought to be the severest trial of the devout. The stream of truth flows through him for the instruction of his fellow men; but he is careful that it receives no taint from the mingling of his own earthly feelings, and he is therefore reserved and discreet in his speech to those who are in error; rather suggesting the desire of enquiry than presuming on his own ability to satisfy it; never stooping to the degradation of human respect where duty calls on him to declare his sentiments; never obtruding the sacred feelings of his bosom where they can only have the effect of awaking the proud and combative spirit of controversy within the breasts of others, and so making their errors a part of their affections. He questions even those opinions which appear to him surprisingly erroneous, with an air of modesty which has something disarming in it, and appears more moderate in vindication of the truth than many are in the defence of error. He never gives even the proudest or most sensitive nature reason to feel that the love of conquest,

or of opposition, ever supersedes that of his advantage; but, while he shows this diffidence in himself and real charity to others, he is never detected in the guilt of mean compliance with society; for error, in his presence, feels that it is not approved, and yet it cannot hate or accuse the censurer of harshness. Experience teaches him how seldom it is that men meet together and argue in society, with that white and virgin spirit on which there is no difficulty in inscribing the handwriting of truth, and how great a difficulty even the best intentioned persons feel in purifying their sentiments and language from the taint of self-opinion and self-love. He knows that change of opinion is the fruit of reflection, of prayer, and of self-examination, not of vain and disputatious controversy. Rigid in that self-discipline which is so necessary to keep him free from the enervating influence of the senses, and exact in all the observances of his religion, it is seldom that he makes those sacred themes the subject of common conversation, and he shrinks from the affectation of that peculiar turn of expression, imitative of the

style of the holy writings, which is vulgarly denominated cant. He chooses his time and place for spiritual converse, and in mixed society, which he uses sparingly, rather indicates, by the guarded charity of his language, the influence of the grand and purifying motive from which all his actions take their rise. But there is no such restraint laid upon his practice; and, accordingly, his example goes far beyond his speech, for he fearlessly undertakes himself the labours which he only hesitatingly recommends to others. Thus, as the tide of time rushes by him, he stands, not loitering in idle expectance on the brink, but watchful to dye it as it passes with the hue of virtue. Thus making his actions set the stamp of sincerity upon his words; thus severe to himself and compassionate to others; thus true to his Creator, and kind to his fellow-being, his life resembles a beautiful image, pointing to the skies while it smiles upon the earth; a flame shooting to heaven, but giving light and warmth to man.

CHAPTER XV.

A Story of Psyche.

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After the gate of Eden was closed upon the exiled parents of mankind, the maiden Psyche,* still drooping with penitence for her fault, still bathed in tears of filial sorrow, and pining for some means of effecting a reconciliation with her offended benefactor, passed into a valley of the east, inferior indeed in loveliness to the Paradise which she had forfeited, but still lovely and blooming beyond all that our cold imagination can conceive of that Paradise itself.

The sorrowing maiden was astonished at the change which she felt in her nature. Passions, which, during her days of innocence and favour,

* The Soul.

remained almost concealed from her own knowledge within her bosom, or only awoke in gentle impulses to give a zest and force to her enjoyments, now startled her by the strange and unruly violence with which they rebelled against her government. It seemed as if they participated in that spirit which estranged from her dominion the creatures of the air and forest, from the moment she lost the favour of her Maker. The creation around, which in her earlier years had presented only objects calculated to afford her innocent delight, now wore an altered look. Sin and temptation seemed to mingle with all its beauties —and she trembled as she ventured on the paths of the yet untrodden valley, with a strange feeling of care and insecurity.

The Almighty, by whom she was led into that delightful region, informed her that nothing of all she now beheld could afford a lasting happiness to her spirit. From him she had proceeded, as the stream from the mountain top, and like that stream she could never know repose until she had reached the level of her origin, the bosom of that kind

being from whom she derived her life. In order to prevent her fixing her affections on any one of those beautiful objects which she beheld around her, and so forgetting her real destiny, the Almighty had made all things changeable within her view. Spring faded into summer—summer into autumn —autumn into winter—day into night. The flowers as soon as she plucked and pressed them to her bosom, faded and died; nothing was permanent—nothing fixed or lasting; the waters flowed—the winds passed on—the stars rose and set—all things seemed created for her enjoyment, and yet none were half so long lived as the affections of the maiden. The Almighty, who knew the secret principle of her nature, which tended, with an invisible longing, towards himself, beheld and pitied the efforts which she made to find a substitute in her exile, on which the desires of her heart might dwell with satisfaction.

He told her that there was one way, and only one, by which she might attain the perfect happiness for which she pined, and pointed to a mount on which the beams of the evening sun fell, far in

the distance. There, he said, she would learn the course of which he spoke.

To aid her in her journey thither, many counsellors and friends were given her; for Psyche, in her earthly condition, was a feeble creature, incapable of forming any design, and only possessing a free will to choose between the good and evil proposals which were made by her own ministers.

The duties of her attendants were various. The five Senses were appointed to give her intelligence of all that passed in the creation around her. Taste warned her against the use of those fruits which might be pernicious to her health, and directed her to the choice of others, from which she received a delicate gratification, and an unfailing store of strength and vigour. Smell conducted her to those pleasant vales which were filled with the purest airs, and most ambrosial fragrance; and cautioned her to avoid the unwholesome vapours that were engendered in the marshes, and on the shores of the standing lake. Hearing supplied her with intelligence of all the

sounds that creation sent forth, from the light whisper of the wind that shook her bower, and disturbed her morning slumbers, to the awful pealing of the thunder-cloud, which was heard from the one heaven to the other; and which Psyche attended with a deep reverence, and, since her banishment, with fear. To Sight was assigned the duty of presenting, for the admiration and instruction of the maiden, all the beautiful shapes and hues which were comprised in the young creation; while Feeling remained close to the side of his mistress, and though more limited in the extent of his occupations than the two last-mentioned, yet, by the accuracy and fidelity of his intelligence, not only added to her information, but was frequently employed in correcting the errors and misrepresentations of those Senses.

The ideas, however, which they communicated to her, were as fugitive and short-lived as they were lively and exciting. To enable her to retain them for the uses of her journey through the world, the matron, Memory, was directed to attend her steps, and to treasure up all the intelligence which

Psyche desired should not be lost. Memory was, however, not very judicious in her choice, and wholly incapable of applying the hoarded information which she possessed, to any advantage. She was, moreover, compliant and parasitical in her disposition; and in making her selections from the quantities of information communicated to her by the Senses, she was always careful to observe and to be guided by the mood of Psyche at the moment. The consequence was, that her storehouse was often cumbered with such a stock of useless material, that it might as well have been left empty. And even when furnished with ideas of a higher class, the little skill evinced in their arrangement, scarcely rendered them of any real benefit to her mistress.

Her deficiencies in this respect, were compensated by the abilities of her two children, Judgment and Imagination. While the talents of those highly gifted ministers excited the admiration of the universe, their counsels enabled Psyche again to exercise a sovereign authority over all creatures; and made the feeble maiden the terror,

at once, and the wonder of the world in which she dwelt.

Born of the same parent, and equally excellent in those natural qualities for which they were esteemed, the characters of the two were yet widely different. Imagination, the elder born, was a wild and wayward nymph, as imprudent in her conduct, and incautious in her suggestions, as she was brilliant in wit, and boundless in invention. It was, at the same time, her duty and delight to represent, under a multitude of new combinations, the ideas which the Senses presented, and which her parent preserved; to draw inferences from, and found conjectures upon these, sometimes of the most wild and whimsical, and sometimes of the most sublime and admirable nature. Judgment, on the other hand, was dull at forming schemes of conduct, and incapable of doing more than rejecting or recommending the various speculations which were submitted by his sister for the adoption of Psyche; but in this, his sagacity was so unerring, that, of the two, his assistance was the more essential to the welfare

and happiness of their mistress. Her heart, indeed, leaned toward the former, whose dazzling, though illusive, talents had more of attraction in them than the cold severity which distinguished the counsels of Judgment; and it was not without pain, that she saw herself obliged to dismiss, as vain and idle, a thousand beautiful and finely wrought schemes, which Imagination proposed, and which Judgment condemned. The former dreaded the rigour of her brother; and it was only in those moments when he slumbered, or was absent, that she ventured to entertain Psyche with her seductive and alluring projects of enjoyment. In thus shunning his society, however, she acted against her own interests, for it was remarked, that her genius never shone more brightly than when it was chastened by the restraint which his presence imposed upon her. Far from imitating his sister, Judgment, who was conscious of his own defects, and felt the necessity of her assistance, took every opportunity of courting her friendship, and acquiring her esteem.

CHAPTER XVI.

A Story of Psyche.

[Continued.]

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A Story of Psyche.

[Continued.]

The first grey shimmering of a summer day dawn had whitened the edges of the clouds that overhung the bower of Psyche; the first fresh breeze had cleared and curled the surface of the lake; the earliest bird had sounded his small trumpet in the skies; the first ambrosial sigh was breathed from the bosom of the opening rose, when Psyche, summoning her ministers around her, complained of her present unsatisfied condition, and called on them to devise some means of filling up that void which she felt in her affections.

A long and boisterous debate ensued. The Senses, who were heard first, all assured her, that

on their own indulgence depended that felicity for which she longed. Sight pointed to the rising sun and to the gorgeous landscape which was now fully revealed in the splendour of his golden light, and bade her never look for happiness if scenes like that could not bestow it; but even while he spoke, a cloud obscured the prospect, and Judgment whispered, with a smile, that although pleasures like these might serve to increase her gratitude, they were far too transient to satisfy her thirst for, and her capability of enjoyment. Hearing directed her attention to the melody of the morning bird, but he too ceased his song, and silence confounded the promiser. Feeling advised her to keep close to her bower, to choose the softest roses for her pillow, and to avoid the pains of exertion and the extremes of heat and cold. Smell offered his sweetest odours; and Taste, a bloated and voluptuous sense, advised her to seek in gluttony the happiness to which she was destined. But Psyche, though she acknowledged, with gratitude, the services of each, was yet constrained to admit, that, whether singly or united,

they were wholly unable to confer upon her all the felicity which she felt herself capable of enjoying. "You," said she to Feeling, "who counsel me to be content with consulting my ease; you, likewise, who would have me feed for ever on scented airs; and you, who think that I could be content with perpetual gorging, are all alike mistaken. My constitution and my destiny are not like those of your disciples, the sloth, the cameleon, and the cormorant; I feel within me a mysterious longing which cannot be gratified by aught that earth has yet presented to my view, and I am satisfied that the Almighty has not implanted that desire within my heart without a motive."

Here she looked toward Judgment, who merely afforded her a calm assent. But Psyche, languishing for some more inventive counsellor, waved her hand to Imagination, who had been awaiting with impatience the summons of her mistress, and the termination of her preceding disquisition.

The bright-eyed enthusiast sprung from her

seat of roses at the signal, and shook, as she hurried through the group, her airy robes, which were dyed with colours more bright than those which glitter on the scales of an expiring dolphin.

She fascinated the ears of all the circle with the splendour and richness of her promises. None of those who had yet spoken, she said, were in error in supposing their own services necessary to the happiness of Psyche. Their only mistake was in believing that it was by the indulgence of one or more in preference, and not of all together, that felicity could be obtained. The Senses, she said, should, undoubtedly, be made the chief instruments of her pleasure, but then it was not by exercising them on any of those objects which she now beheld around them, that Psyche could hope to receive all that exquisite gratification which they were capable of affording. She would lead them into scenes of light and of abundance, where Sight might gaze for ever on objects of such surpassing loveliness, that he would feel no longer the thirst for novelty with

which he was here tormented; where Hearing would be rapt into perpetual ecstacies by airy melodies and sounds which yet had never mingled with his dreams; where Smell might inhale a continual succession of odours, each one of which would fill him with happiness even to fainting; where banquets of an unknown piquancy and sweetness would for ever stimulate, and yet for ever gratify the voluptuous appetite of Taste; and where Feeling might repose for ever on couches more soft than cygnets' down, with the freshest and gentlest of the ocean winds to cool his pillow, and allay the burning of his blood in summer noons.

Judgment too, she said, should not be forgotten in this new world; to which she would conduct them. The wonders of science should be disclosed to him. He should penetrate by her assistance into the centre of things, and ascend beyond the stars themselves. By her aid, he should withdraw the curtain which nature had thrown over the noblest of her works, and look with a steady eye into the secrets of the divine wisdom.

All the distinctions of life, intellect, and organization, from the solid and senseless marble up to the gifted and intellectual lord of the creation himself, should be made plain and palpable to his understanding.

It was therefore folly, she said, to suppose that because Psyche beheld not around her the present means of happiness, she could not hope to find them in the vast and varied kingdoms which the world presented for her investigation. "If you find not happiness in this valley," she continued, "wander to the next; and if it be not there, you will yet find countless regions to explore beyond the blue and azure hills that bank in the landscapes all around you. Nay, though you should have exhausted all the regions of this earth, and find your search still fruitless, I will weave you wings to try a flight beyond them. Science shall enable you to descend in safety into the bosom of the caverned deep, which I have often painted to you, radiant with hidden splendours, beautiful with gorgeous palaces, and blooming with everlasting verdure. If happiness abide not there, I will teach

you to burrow like the coney into the dark and gloomy earth on which we tread, and deep beneath whose surface the diamond, the light of the mine, lies buried. What new delights—what gorgeous spectacles must heaven have treasured within that world, the very surface of which seems so replete with joy and beauty! How rich must be the interior of that mighty palace, the outside of which has been embellished with so much grace and majesty! Yet if the abode of happiness should not be found within, I will teach you to ascend the car of science, and search out her track amongst the stars. Look up into the space above you! From world to world of all those luminous spheres which you now behold, fading and sinking in the west, we will yet learn to travel by the help of wings, which, from the native and unaided force of mine own invention I shall devise, and our way from planet to planet shall in after-times become as plain and easy, as the path between this bower and yonder fountain. And who shall say that happiness may not be found amid that infinitude

of novelties and wonders, which the universe shall offer to our view."

A general murmur of applause succeeded the words of the speaker, and it was not without difficulty that Judgment could obtain a hearing in his turn. Psyche, with a half consenting smile, had extended her hand to the enchanting orator, when she was arrested by the voice of her more rigid counsellor.

He began, with his accustomed skill and wisdom, by shaking the faith of Psyche in the veracity of her favourite. "Why should you be deceived by her?" said he: "remember you not, Psyche, a few mornings since, when you sat by the fountain, and suddenly heard a thunder-cloud burst above your head? How Imagination magnified the danger! What falsehoods she told you of the ruin which must follow the rending of the dark womb of the lightnings! She affirmed that death was inevitable—that no possibility of escape remained; and, not contented with thus exciting your fears to a most unreasonable degree, she proceeded

with a wanton cruelty to paint the horrors of that death which menaced you, with an exaggerating pencil. On the contrary, what was the counsel that I gave you? I bade you to observe that in the space over which the cloud scattered his lightnings there were millions of objects, no more than one of which, it was probable, would be struck by a single flash, and how improbable it was, arguing even from the usual chances of nature, that you should be that one. Why should you tremble, I said, at being placed in a situation where only one chance in a million was against you? And even admitting that the danger was more evident, I bade you reflect that your life was never meant by Him who gave it to be left to the uncertain mercy of the elements—that the same providence ruled over the storm and the calm, and that he could as easily strike you senseless on your couch of summer roses, as in the midst of the convulsions that were then agitating the frame of nature. It was but that morning you had found a scorpion on your pillow, and you knew not, I said, a tenth of the instances in

which a similar providence had preserved you from an unseen danger. You remember how instantly you laid aside those terrors, and declared that you would never again listen to the suggestions of Imagination, when danger assailed your person. I now tell you that her promises of pleasure are as false and delusive as were her bodements of fear. I caution you to avoid her suggestions when she comes, as now, arrayed in smiles and splendour, no less carefully than when, confused and agitated by vain alarms, she rushes upon you, and darkens your understanding with a causeless gloom. She talks of conducting you to happiness through the gate of knowledge! She!—Behold that worm that crawls at your feet! Let her, before she carries you to other spheres, explain a little that is enigmatical in this. Let her declare the hidden principle of action which enables that small creature to perform its little journey along the sod. There is a subject for her skill, perfectly within her observation, wholly unconnected with other known causes and existences; let her exercise there her analytical

genius, and declare the result of her conjectures."

He paused; while they all turned their attention to his opponent. She looked somewhat confused and hesitating, but felt it impossible to decline the task which had been proposed to her. Numberless were the efforts which she had made to explain the phenomenon. She spoke of accidental motion; but they all declared their inability to find any thing more in this than a form of words; for accidental motion, in matter, without an impelling cause, was, to their notions, impossible. She then spoke of electricity; but they shook their heads. They asked what this fluid was, and she could not tell them. She spoke of gravitation, and they seemed to have caught a light, but discovered soon after that she had led them but from one dilemma to another; for this, at most, was but a step toward the cause, and still far from the original cause itself. It was but giving them a law where they wanted a legislator—a law, too, which, many said, was falsified by those maniacs of the celestial system, the

comets. She was asked to point out the self-existing power from which those effects proceeded, and she replied that she would think upon the matter. It was possible, she said, they should find it out as they went along.

"Behold," said Judgment, "the faint and shadowy resemblances of truth which shall occupy the leisure and swell the vanity of men for thousands of ages yet unnumbered! Will you not remember, Psyche, that your existence has a date, beyond which it cannot be prolonged; and even supposing, (what is not to be supposed)—that Imagination might accomplish a thousandth part of that to which she has pledged herself; and that you might yet be following the track of Happiness among the stars—consider that death must find you long before your search shall be half accomplished, and your lot will be to sleep in ignorance and wake in fire. Be guided by my words, and cling to the merciful promise of your Creator, as your only certain hope.—Believe me when I say, that even if that Almighty Being were to create a universe still fairer and more ex-

quisite than any which Imagination can picture to your view, you would be as far from perfect happiness as you are at present; nor can you hope to enjoy it, until you are restored to the presence and the favour of Him, from whom your spirit was derived. This you may do by pleasing Him; and you can please Him by doing His will, without either burrowing to the centre, diving into the depths of the ocean, or ascending to the spheres. Observe the simple rules which he has proposed for your government—confine Imagination and the Senses to the uses for which they were given you—suffer them not, from servants, to elevate themselves into the dignity of rulers. Let Virtue first, and Knowledge after, be your line of conduct. Cling with a trusting affection to the promises of your Maker, and you are safe—forsake them, and you perish. Until you have learned all, be as if you had learned nothing—simple, humble, faithful, and obedient."

This speech occasioned a general and vehement expression of discontent. Psyche, however, who felt the truth of his arguments, made a feeble

effort to regain her place by his side, but the Senses, who had crept between them, forced her to a distance. Imagination, watching her moment, flung a golden net arour l the maiden, and, spreading her wings, soared upward into the region of the winds, while Judgment stood, forlorn and neglected, by the forsaken bower.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Story of Psyche.

[Concluded.]

CHAPTER XVII.

A Story of Psyche.

[Concluded.]

Forgetful of her high descent, forgetful of her glorious hopes, and wholly governed by the counsels of her changeful ministers, Psyche now wandered long over the kingdoms of the earth, deluded by the vain promises of her guide, and sick and weary of the quicksilver chase into which she had been cheated. Imagination fulfilled indeed a portion of her promises;—by the aid of her daughter, Science, she taught the piercing enquirer to burrow a few feet into the earth—to explore the shallows of the ocean—and even to venture a few hours' journey into the clouds. But every experiment only taught Psyche to attach a greater weight than ever to the words of her for-

saken counsellor, and to render her more heart-sick of her idle toil.

The Senses, too, deceived her. Their own power of enjoyment was exhausted long before the supplies which Nature offered for their gratification could be appropriated, and all their efforts, instead of procuring happiness, ended in satiety and repletion.

As they passed over the kingdoms, they scattered the seeds of evil and of good on all with an indiscriminating hand. Causeless wars, ambitions, jealousies, unreal injuries, suspected enmities, unjust judgments, superstitions, and infidelities, sprung up beneath them into a rank and teeming harvest. Psyche beheld the evil she had occasioned, and remorse began to trouble her quiet. She saw that by the abuse of her own free will, she had changed into evil the good of the creation, and reversed the designs of the beneficent founder of the universe. He had placed in her hands the power of good, and the power of evil, and had urged her by counsels and by menaces to the use of the former, and the

avoidance of the latter, and she had wantonly made her election contrary. Oppressed by the pangs of self-reproach, and by the gloomy fears that began to settle on her spirit, she turned for consolation to her over-indulged favourite; but the ingrate, Imagination, far from soothing her terrors, now used all her efforts to magnify the horror of that retributive judgment which she dreaded. She represented to her, in the most lively manner, the anger of her Maker, the magnitude of his power, the strictness of his justice the eternal agony of that separation from Him which was doomed to be made the chief occasion of her punishment. She bade Psyche think upon the hour of her death, and summoned up to her contemplation the terrific circumstances of that fearful change—the vain regrets—the altered opinions—the frightful forebodings—the rejected and useless prayers—the convulsive struggles—the shiverings—the livid paleness—the clasped and damp and trembling hands—the death-rattle—and the final darkness. She even hurried her on to scenes beyond the grave. She caused the

trumpet of the angel of doom to sound in her ears, and terrified her with a vision of the judgment seat, and with the words of her condemnation. The irrevocable sentence was pronounced over her, and Imagination now hurried her downward to the scene of her eternal torment. Howlings and blasphemy, weeping and gnashing of teeth, sounded in her hearing. Darkness and suffocating flames, rivers of fire rolling their unconsuming billows over millions of guilty souls who were sentenced to a punishment as infinite as the consequences of their guilt, and as eternal as that guilt would have been had the Divine Justice permitted them to perpetuate their existence on earth—these, and other horrors too dreadful for description, were exhibited to her affrighted gaze; and Imagination, to complete the torture of her victim, represented to her the semblance of her own figure, suspended over the abyss of fire by a single hair of her head. But at this sight the maiden broke with a shriek from the arms of her tormentor, and refused to listen to her voice again. Thus is it that Imagination

first seduces the soul to crime, and then becomes herself the forestaller of justice.

While she deplored the absence of her lost adviser, Psyche beheld, with a sudden rapture of delight, a figure resembling his, seated near the mouth of a grotto close to her side. The walls of the apartment were covered with various scientific devices, and the floor was covered with instruments of art, and heavy volumes heaped one over the other—some lying open and marked with many marginal comments. Psyche approached, and became still more convinced that she had recovered her ancient friend. The similitude in costume and demeanour was exact, but to the eyes of the maiden his features seemed to have undergone a considerable change. His lip was curled with an expression of pride and self-sufficiency, which was very unlike that gentle and submissive modesty by which the unbending firmness of his look and bearing was formerly qualified. He did not appear to be conscious of her presence, but was rapt in an earnest and strenuous endeavour to look into the heart of a

limestone rock. Psyche was surprised to see her wise old counsellor employed in so hopeless an undertaking.

Fearful, however, of committing some error, the maiden addressed him as a stranger, and naming the hill to which she desired to direct her long wandering steps, requested to be informed by what means she might recover her path. He asked her in the first place the motive of her journey, and being informed that she hoped to find there the means of attaining perfect happiness, he raised his head with an appearance of some interest.

"If you choose," said he, "to observe the vulgar road which is trodden by the rabble of the earth, you will find it at a little distance on your right; but if you wish to avoid the contact of those mean spirits, I will invent a machine by which we will travel thither together, at a rate surpassing that of the winds themselves."

Psyche said her only desire was to reach that spot by whatever means he could devise. She had been long tormented, she confessed, by her vain efforts to obtain felicity, and had satisfied

herself that it was not to be found by her unassisted exertions.

"Your exertions," replied the stranger, "were misapplied. Happiness lies not in the east nor in the west. It consists in being contented with the state of circumstances around you. Always compare your lot with what it might be if rendered worse, and you will find a consolation. If you lose fortune, fame, and friends, content yourself with the enjoyment of health and vigour; if healthful, be satisfied with the bliss of gazing on the fair light that is shining down upon you, and listening to the sounds which creation utters—if your senses fail, consider there is yet a perpetual enjoyment in the very act of inhaling the fresh and wholesome air—and when that too is gone, there is rest and quiet in the tomb."

"For the weary frame there is," said Psyche, "but for the weary soul! Who can tell what toils and pains are yet reserved for her? You speak of consolation, but that is not happiness. I complain to you of a certain boundless and insatiable longing which I feel within my nature,

and which the whole circle of space itself cannot contain or satisfy; and you, instead of pointing out to me a reservoir into which I might pour out the overflowing passion, advise me to find relief in making its boundaries still more strict and more oppressive. I ask you how I shall direct my flight, in order to hie away and be at rest, and you bid me to cut off my wings. Have *you* found such a course successful?"

The stranger changed countenance, and returned to his employment of looking through the lime-stone.

"But how astonished am I," Psyche continued, "to see you, my prudent counsellor, employed in so vain a labour as that. It is wilder than any freak that was ever suggested, even by Imagination herself."

"You should not say so," replied the stranger, continuing his work; "there is no telling what science may achieve. I am inventing glasses which will enable me to penetrate the darkest substances. I cannot err; for I proceed not upon mere theory, but experiment."

"And have you discovered much, as yet?" inquired the maiden.

"Not much. I have yet only learned to know that I know nothing.* I feel like a child that gathers shells by the ocean of truth.† I had rather discover the cause of a single phenomenon of nature than to receive the diadem of Persia."‡

"Why do you then waste your time in such inquiries, since you have yet learned nothing?"

"There is no telling what science may yet achieve."

"Do you know any thing whatever of the origin of things?"

"Nothing, as yet; but there is no saying what science may accomplish."

"As far as I can see, it has enough of work upon its hands as yet. But I am surprised to hear these sentiments from your lips, whose favourite maxim was, that knowledge, all excellent and noble as it is, should follow, not precede virtue."

"Me!" exclaimed the stranger, "when did I make so barbarous an apophthegm as that?"

* Socrates. † Newton. ‡ Democritus.

"Why, are you not my ancient monitor, Judgment?"

"I never saw you before, to my recollection," replied the stranger, looking on her in surprise. "My name is Philosophy."

He again returned to his limestone, and Psyche, disappointed and heart-weary, departed from the grotto.

She made many efforts to regain the pathway, but was doomed to find herself perpetually in error. The Almighty, however, who never intended that she should be altogether lost, and beheld her with pity and affection, amid all her wanderings and ingratitude, resolved to work a miracle in order to restore her to her abandoned virtue. He bade the Spirit of Prophecy visit her in the desert, and guide her, by the light of visions cast from the future upon her track, to the rest on which she longed to enter. The sun, which was yet to fling its brightness over the nations from that mount to which her eye had been directed in the beginning, darted his beams long before he rose, into

the gloom that cumbered the world, and sent his light before him upon the lips of Prophecy. By the aid of that rapt and glorious spirit, Psyche was enabled to recover the path which she had relinquished, and to arrive at that mysterious mountain, which she had been taught to consider as the harbour of her peace, the oracle which was to furnish a solution of all her difficulties. Here she found her abandoned Judgment seated at the foot of a dark cross, stained with blood. He placed in her hands a Book, which contained the mystery of her redemption, and which was dictated by the Almighty himself for the instruction of the sons of men.

The events recorded in that great volume are far too sacred and too awful to be discussed in a tale like this, but the lesson which Psyche derived from its perusal was ever after visible in her conduct.

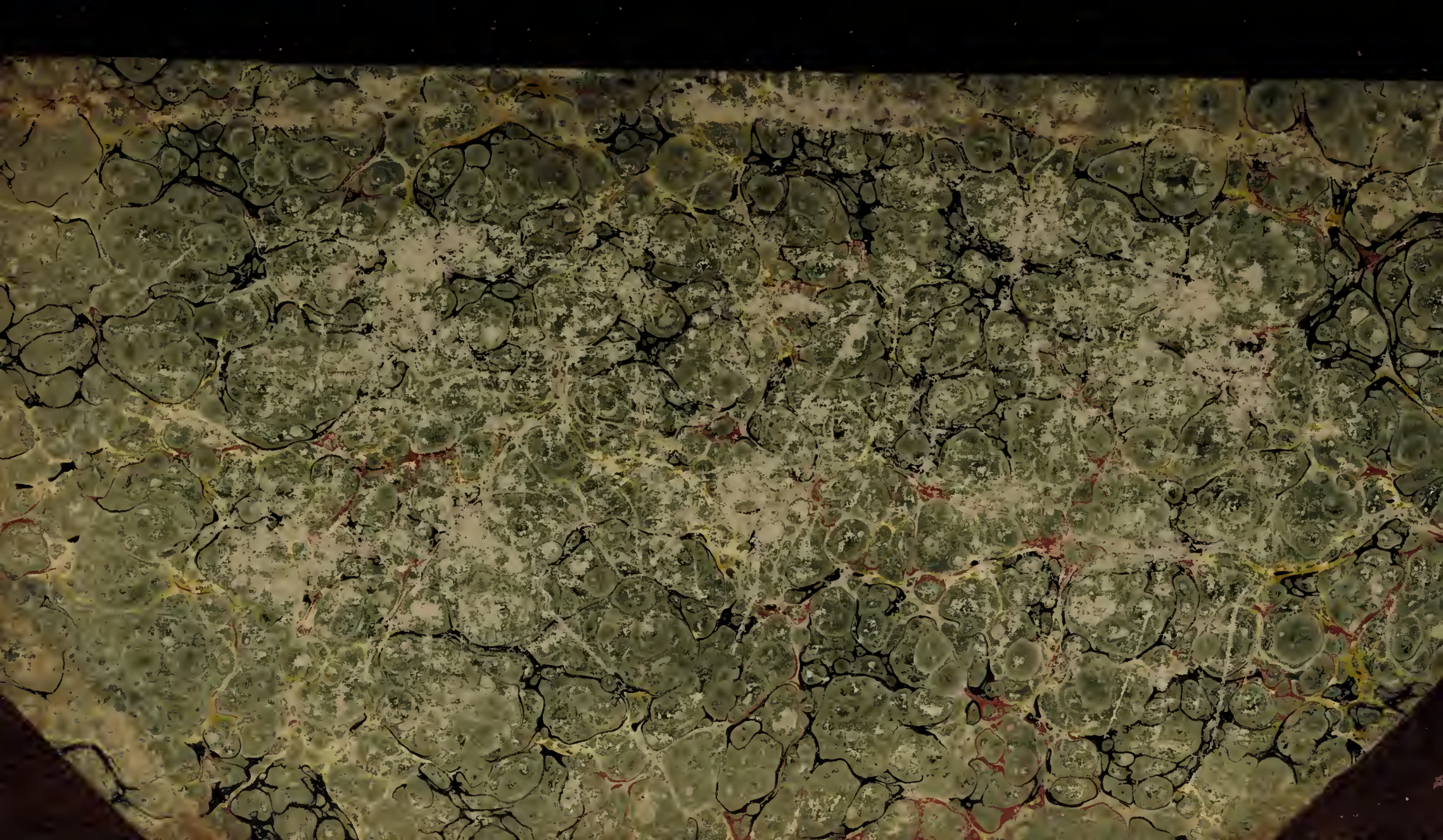
She now observes a penitent and altered course: barefoot and drooping beneath the weight of that cross, which she found at the mount, she walks

along a narrow and a thorny path, the end of which is still hidden from her view. She no longer turns aside, to dally with objects which have but a perishable existence; nor opens her heart to affections which are liable to be suddenly blasted, or to survive their objects. Her former ministers are now strictly confined to their allotted duties. The Senses, rebellious indeed, but chained down to her commands, are compelled to bear the cross with her. Imagination, instructed and guided by the virgins, Faith, and Hope, and Charity, who were also at the mountain added to her train, instead of terrifying her with causeless fears, or seducing her with unfounded hopes, now cheers her in her toils and pains, by the most delightful representations of that reward for which she labours, the favour of her all amiable Benefactor; or confines her to the path when her eye happens to stray, by suggesting that loss of favour, which must inevitably follow her wanderings. Even amidst the sorrows and sufferings of the narrow way, through which she follows her recovered hopes, while Faith

strengthens, and Judgment confirms her steps, Psyche has often been heard to say, that her life is happier than when abandoned to the dominion of her own servants, she trod the fertile valleys of the world, inhaling its sweetest perfumes, and banquetting upon its richest fruits. And there have been bright moments in Psyche's life, when her only stimulus to exertion was the pure love which burned in her heart towards that Creator, who made and who redeemed her, and that not merely for the good he had done to her, but for his own sake, as the author and origin of all good. There have been moments in her pilgrimage, when her only motive to repentance has been the simple sorrow of a fond heart, reproaching itself for having failed in love. But it is seldom that this pure feeling is unmingled in her fallen nature, and when it comes, it is a gift of heaven, the fruit of much exertion, much voluntary privation of pleasure, much self-denial, even of innocent enjoyments, much meditation and ARDENT PRAYER.

May you, my Cyriac, follow in her steps, and share in her reward!—Farewell! You may,

perhaps, have found in the foregoing pages, more of the desire than the ability to afford you pleasing instruction; but if you are convinced of the affection by which they are dictated, that may induce you to bestow more reflection on them, than any novelty of opinion or sentiment, which I could put forward. If on the other hand, they should afford you satisfaction, consider how excellent that cause must be, in which so weak an advocate can become efficient. Once more, farewell!

THE END.

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